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ANNA M. FERRIS

This picture is from the Ferris Collection, Friends Historical Society, Swarthmore College. It is reproduced with permission of Dr. Frederick B. Tolles, director of the Society.

The Civil War Diaries of Anna M. Ferris

Edited by HAROLD B. HANCOCK *

PROBABLY the most complete diaries for the Civil War period in Delaware were those kept by Anna M. Ferris. They are a colorful and vivid account of the troubled war years as viewed by a resident of Wilmington, and for this reason portions, excluding trivia and matters of family interest, are worth reproducing.

Anna Ferris was born on the Brandywine on June 11, 1815, and lived all her life in Wilmington. She was one of the ten children of Fanny Canby and Benjamin Ferris, her father being the author of a history of the colonial settlements on the Delaware and of the manuscript "My Kith and Kin," a historical and genealogical record of his family. Her uncle was Ziba Ferris, Jr., and her cousin Ziba Ferris III, Wilmington clockmakers and silversmiths. Other distinguished relatives on the paternal side were the cabinetmakers, Ziba Ferris, Sr., her grandfather; John Ferris III, a cousin; and John Ferris, Sr., a first cousin twice removed. There were a number of Quaker ministers in her family, including her great-grandfather John and his brothers David, Benjamin, and Zachariah. One of her brothers was a partner in a plumbing and gas fixture business.[1]

The diaries show that she was well educated and widely read, but nothing is known about the schools she attended during her childhood. She led a quiet life, visiting and entertaining friends, engaging in charitable work, and attending Quaker meetings. She was a member of the Friends Benevolent Association and an

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1 *Wilmington Daily Commercial*, November 18, 1890, p. 1, col. 7; letter of Frederick B. Tolles, Director, Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College, to author, September 13, 1960; Ferris Genealogical Chart in Historical Society of Delaware, Wilmington.

organizer of the Home for Friendless Children. After the death of her father, she became a member of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College. At the time of her death on November 17, 1890, she was living with two sisters, Deborah and Martha, at 301 West Street. She died unmarried and was buried in the cemetery attached to Friends Meeting House.

A great pleasure in which Anna Ferris indulged was visiting with her relatives and friends. She frequently mentioned her brother William who lived in Wilmington and her brother Edward and his wife Kate who lived in Philadelphia. Among her Philadelphia friends were Cousin Thomas Newlin, his wife Anna and son Shipley, Abraham and Sally Barker, and Susan and William Wharton. In Baltimore she was acquainted with the family of Tod Tyson. References to persons in Wilmington included her cousin Eliza Lea and Ferris Bringhurst, who was a grandson of her aunt Deborah Ferris Bringhurst. Another reference is to George Moody, a southerner who was married to a daughter of this same Aunt Deborah.[2]

It is not always clear in the manuscript in what business these persons were engaged, and research has not always revealed the answer. In any case, these persons are mainly important as the instruments through which Anna Ferris was expressing her views about the Civil War.

Her writings reflect what the members of a middle-class Quaker family were thinking about political and military events during the Civil War. The observations are colorfully and sharply written. The writer was a strong Republican and deeply interested in military affairs. The diaries for the Civil War years, as well as those for a number of other years, are in the possession of the Friends Historical Society of Swarthmore College. The Historical Society of Delaware owns diaries for the years 1854, 1855, and 1856.[3]

The diaries in 1860 contain little of public interest. Writing an account of a spectacular torchlight parade by the Republicans in Wilmington on the eve of the election, she predicted a na-

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] The Ferris Collection in the Friends Historical Library contains ten volumes of the diary of Anna M. Ferris. These are for the years 1857, 1860-1863, 1864-1867, 1867-1891, 1870, 1874-1875, 1876-1880, 1881-1884, 1885-1888, and 1889-1890.

tional victory for that party. A few days later, she rejoiced at the defeat of the other candidates, but lamented that Seward was not the standard bearer of the Republicans.

On New Year's Day in 1861, she wrote that the coming year was the most important of the century, and she expressed doubt as to whether the current political crisis could be solved. The uncertainty of the times had caused a business depression and had ruined the business of a brother who lived in Philadelphia. The assumption of national leadership by Lincoln on March 4 was not reassuring. In April the surrender of Fort Sumter, the attack on northern troops marching through Baltimore on the way to guard Washington, and the President's call for troops caused " almost intolerable excitement " and surpassed all other events in interest. The results of the first battle at Bull Run brought grief and humiliation to the North. Her entries for the remainder of the year were sporadic. The results of other battles in the fall were no more favorable for the northern cause, and the year ended on a gloomy note.

Fortunately, the tide of war changed in 1862. On Washington's Birthday, Wilmington, like numerous other communities, celebrated with the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and a general illumination the surrender of Forts Donelson and Henry in western Tennessee. Ericsson's ironclad, the *Monitor*, which had been completed just in time, caused the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* to withdraw to Norfolk. New Orleans fell before the attack of the Union navy in May. McClellan's advance towards Richmond in the peninsular campaign was checked by Lee in June, and Lincoln called for new troops. Lee's advance into western Maryland in September created excitement in Pennsylvania and Delaware, but he was repulsed by McClellan at Antietam. Lincoln took the opportunity to give notice that he would free the slaves in the rebel states on January 1, 1863, an announcement which Anna Ferris thought " a measure of justice and right." December brought gloom with the defeat of Burnside's forces at Fredericksburg. But Christmas was celebrated with such gaiety that war seemed far away.

On January 1, 1863, Wilmington Quakers welcomed the issue of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The most im-

portant military event of the year was the northern victory over Lee's forces at Gettysburg in July. Wilmington formed itself into "a Volunteer Refreshment Saloon" to feed the wounded soldiers passing through on trains, and her brother, William, visited the battlefield to aid the wounded. On July 9 came more rejoicing when the news of the surrender of Vicksburg arrived in the city. Union supporters celebrated the northern victory at Chickamauga in August in a Thanksgiving service in a Wilmington church. Entries in the diary are few for the remainder of the year.

On New Year's Day in 1864, the First Delaware Regiment paraded through the streets of Wilmington. A friend of the Ferris family visited the city in February to make arrangements for laying tracks for street cars, though Anna Ferris reported that many persons doubted that the enterprise would pay. During the year Unionists rejoiced over the destruction of the *Alabama* by the *U. S. S. Kearsarge* in the English channel and the fall of Atlanta, but Lee continued his successful defense of Richmond. Wilmington residents became alarmed in July after the Confederates defeated a force defending Washington, opening the way for raids on nearby cities. Soldiers were recruited for the defense of northern Delaware, but within less than a week, the "great scare," as Anna Ferris called it, was over. Great bitterness was displayed by Republicans and Democrats during the campaign of 1864, McClellan and Lincoln being the opposing candidates. Even school children took sides, and Benjamin Ferris, Anna's father, who never voted in a presidential election, planned to participate. Unfortunately, illness prevented his voting. Four days after the election, the returns confirmed Lincoln's victory, though, alas, Delaware was one of the three states in the Democratic column.

On New Year's Day in 1865, Anna Ferris wrote that she foresaw possibilities of peace during the coming year. Abolitionists rejoiced when Congress submitted an amendment to the states abolishing slavery. Wilmington celebrated with the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and a general illumination in April the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. A few days later, rejoicing over these events was dampened by the

news of Lincoln's assassination, which, she reported, brought sadness to every house and to every heart. She was one of thousands of spectators who witnessed the funeral procession in Philadelphia. In July the last of Delaware's soldiers arrived home. Her entries for the remainder of the year are few, but in a retrospective passage on the last day of December, she expressed the hope that the bells ringing in the New Year would inaugurate a thousand years of peace.

A commentary on these events as they affected Delaware and Wilmington during the Civil War will be found in the writer's *Political History of Delaware during the Civil War* published in this magazine from 1956 to 1958.

Excerpts from

The Civil War Diaries of Anna M. Ferris

1860

November 2. Tonight we had one of the great political demonstrations that have been the distinguishing feature of this campaign—A great torch light procession with 400 Equestrians followed by a countless multitude on foot, with brilliant fireworks & transparencies—The Republicans introduced this custom & the other parties had to follow suite or be distanced in the race—but the other parties are not so hopeful & feel as if they were working against wind & tide & the Republican demonstrations are far more brilliant & imposing than any others—Tonight many houses were illuminated along the route & great zeal & excitement prevailed—This outside show & enthusiasm is a more potent stimulant to human nature than reason or principle & carries the masses with it—so that there seems very little doubt of the result of the election now close at hand—I shall be very glad for the North once more to hold the scepter & for the free soil element to gain the ascendency in the councils of our Nation but regret that Seward is not its representative—He more than any other man created the public sentiment that has now grown so powerful—He threw down his glove for the

cause, when it was little & despised, & the best efforts of his great heart & mind have been consistently devoted to it & now another is to wear the honors he so honestly won—It takes the zest from the Victory, when the Victor does not receive the prize—

November 7. The elections yesterday resulted in an overwhelming victory of the Republican party & Lincoln is the President elect—I cannot help regretting more than ever that another man does not stand before the world as the representative of the great principle of freedom, but must hope he may do honor to the people's choice—For the first time the election is purely sectional—The Northern states voting in an unbroken column for the candidate of their own choice, & the Southern wing divided between the Union & Democratic parties—This strong sectional feeling does not seem right in a united Confederacy, & I hope circumstances will modify & change it, but whatever may the consequence I do not think we can ever regret this great triumph of the principles of freedom—I suppose no political conflict ever involved such an amount of conscientious feeling & conviction & so little merely personal feeling—

December 14. Brother E. & Kate came down this evening. He arrived home in the Asia almost a week since, & came home to serious business troubles & difficulties owing to the political excitement & the danger of the secession of the Southern States—This threat has so long been held over us that we had almost ceased to think it meant anything, but now the South is angry & in earnest, & a new Era has arrived in our politics, at the worst possible time, as the President himself seems to be among the traitors—We can only hope that the North will not surrender the great principle of freedom, which she has just so triumphantly vindicated—

1861

January 1. In the great world outside of our own little sphere the opening year must be the most important of any in the present century—We are in the midst of a revolution that must decide the future of our country, & is most important to the destinies of humanity—The excitement & interest is intense, & each day is eagerly waited for, for the consequences it may bring—

The greatest apprehensions so far have been caused by the weakness & vacillation of the government, & the uncertainty whether it would do its duty, indeed whether its whole power & influence were not used on the wrong side—Several members of the Cabinet are secessionists, & the President seems entirely swayed by their councils & the North is left to fight its battles alone—

So far however the North has stood firm, & the dominant party has shown no signs of fear, & no disposition to sacrifice the great interests of freedom & humanity to the clamor & the insolent demands of the Slave power—So that we hope the new year may open a new era in our political history; & though confusion & strife now prevail, I trust we shall soon again possess the blessings of prosperity & peace, without a sacrifice of the great interests of freedom & humanity—

January 12. Today Senator Seward made his great Speech on the present crisis in our national affairs—It is able and eloquent but I have not been able to feel that it is " the right word in the right place," so that it will do much to settle our difficulties—His plan of adjustment is too indefinite to be satisfactory & postpones the settlement too long—It is a speech to be read with great enjoyment for its ability & beauty, but the " trumpet does not give forth a certain sound " & will not I am afraid rally the hosts round the great leader, & make them feel that he is " the man for the hour—"

March 4. President Lincoln was safely inaugurated today—What his influence can do for the country in its present convulsed & stormy state we cannot conjecture but must wait & hope—

March 10 [Philadelphia]. Went to Church with Abrm. & Sally [Barker] and heard a most impressive sermon from Mr. Furness—His words were evidently the expression of his most profound & earnest convictions—The voice of conscience and of truth & their solemnity & force made everyone feel even more deeply the importance of the crisis through which we are passing & the foreboding future pressing so closely & so gloomily upon us—Our outward prosperity it seems likely must be overthrown & what dangers may threaten us none can foresee, we can only

hope they may leave us better than they find us—Went up to brother E.'s to dine—He is one of the greatest sufferers by these disasters as his business is with the South & is almost entirely suspended & the fruits of his labor likely to be swept away—He has worked hard for a long time & was just beginning to realize something from his labors—

March 11. It is almost impossible now to talk of anything but politics & today it was quite so, as the rumor that the Government intends to abandon Fort Sumpter to the Southern Confederacy created the utmost astonishment & excitement—We cannot help feeling great indignation & humiliation, but must have to reconcile ourselves to the necessity, & to hope it may be the means of averting Civil War that the future may make amends for the present & that this great question must in the Eternal Justice of the Almighty be settled at last in favor of liberty & right—

April 12 [Wilmington]. Brother E. was down for an hour or two today—He looks very badly, so that I feel anxious about him—He caught a bad cold in traveling & was threatened with Pneumonia & the wearing anxiety about his business tells upon him—He returned from the South & West some days since, but accomplished nothing by his tour in the way of business—These times are very hard for those situated as he is & the future looks gloomy & uncertain—We are now every hour looking for the tidings that war has actually begun—the most unjustifiable & wicked war ever begun & how it will end no one can tell, except that the North has " Providence & the strong battallions " both on her side—Still the South is united & determined & has the advantage of previous preparation & the first results may be disastrous to us— It is now 5 days since vessels were sent to Fort Sumter to relieve Major Anderson, & supply him with provisions & the whole country is waiting the result, the most intense anxiety & painful suspense—Still there is a feeling of relief & hope that the Government has at last taken a determined position & a rapidly increasing confidence in its ability & firmness—Forbearance & patience were exhausted & we must now abide the result—

April 13. If the Telegraph can be depended on Fort Sumter was attacked yesterday before the war vessel arrived there—This much is probably true, but the reports as to the actual state of things cannot be relied on, as the South has control of the Telegraph—

April 14. The reports today are that Fort Sumter has surrendered & that the Southern Flag is flying in place of the old " Stars & Stripes " but that no lives have been lost—This is too improbable to be believed—

April 15. Tidings today, though probably not entirely reliable, are sufficiently so as to confirm the disastrous reports of yesterday—Major Anderson surrendered the Fort before the ships came to his relief, & the Confederate Flag floats in place of the National Emblem—The President this morning issued a Proclamation calling out the militia of the States to the amount 75,000 & we are now in the midst of revolution & civil war—The feeling of shame, indignation, & dread is indescribable—

April 18. The whole North responds enthusiastically & unanimously to the call " to arms " & the states are all arming rapidly—Thousands of men & millions of money are freely offered to the Government & but one sentiment seems to prevail but it seems incredible that our peaceful happy country is at once thrown into such a tumult—

April 20. The excitement & suspense are almost intolerable, & the circumstances transpiring around us seem incredible—Yesterday the Massachusetts & Pennsylvania volunteers were attacked by a mob in Baltimore & a number on both sides killed & wounded, & last night the Bridges on our rail-road were burned to prevent any more troops being forwarded for the defence of the National Capital—All at once the flame of Civil War seemed raging all around us—We hear of our friends & acquaintance enlisting in various places & feel an anxiety & dread that we never dreamed of before—The Telegraph wires have been cut, Rail roads torn up and Mails from the South suspended, & we are all the time agitated by alarming & conflicting rumors—We seem threatened not only with war but anarchy, as the Capital & the

Government are in great danger, & the means for their defence very much obstructed & cut off—Baltimore is in possession of the mob, & under martial law, & we feel the greatest anxiety about our friends there but can hear nothing from them—All other interests are suspended & everybody is absorbed by the anxiety prevailing for the welfare & existence of our country—

April 30. Today was our Quarterly Meeting, but so little interest is now felt in anything but the affairs of the country, that it was poorly attended and seemed of no importance—But it was an unusually good meeting as might be expected when the feelings are stirred to the depths—Cousin C. [Clement] Biddle gave us a really eloquent & excellent peace sermon—It is the true gospel, but we can scarcely listen to it now—The whirlwind & the storm are raging around us & our feelings [blot] the conflict & there is no peace, except for those who are safe under the "higher law" of the Christian life & even these have their feelings & sympathies strongly enlisted—Things look more hopeful than they did a week ago, the Capital is thought to be safe from attack, the Government feels strong enough to act vigorously & there is a temporary lull while both parties are preparing for the dread arbitrament of war—Many of our friends and acquaintance have enlisted either in the Army or the Home Guards & some who never handled a weapon before are now training for the conflict—Many who have all the good things that life has to offer & are prosperous & happy, leave all without counting the cost to endure the hardships of war, & to offer themselves to their country—Both sides are equally enthusiastic, & in terrible earnest & both appear equally convinced of the righteousness of their cause—There is nothing in History to compare with this Revolution—A deliberate attempt is made to destroy the first popular government that ever existed & by the party that had held the government in their own hands, up to moment of the outbreak—In the feelings that animate the two parties, perhaps the nearest parallel may be found in the Civil War of England between the Cavaliers & Puritans—Principle & conscience mingled largely in both, & no foreign war could ever create such conflict of feeling or be so terrible in its consequences—

May 18 [Philadelphia]. Dined at Brother E.'s—Their business prospects are utterly destroyed by the present state of things & the war—The South owes them all they own, & as she repudiates all obligations to pay Northern debts they are ruined, but thousands of others are in the same situation, indeed all who are in business at all, feel the pressure, & those who have been considered beyond the reach of disasters of this kind, suffer with the rest—Morrill Hallowell's [a Philadelphia businessman] failure was announced yesterday & is thought to be a bad one, so that all their luxury & affluence vanishes like a dream—but the loss of luxury & extravagance that grew out of our excessive prosperity is not to be regretted—The whole country was becoming vitrated by its influence, & I trust the present disastrous period will in the end, prove to be the foundation of a better & true prosperity, & that there will be a growth of the "righteousness that exalteth a nation" during our present troubles—

July 2. Nature was never more luxuriantly beautiful, & her influence was never more tranquilizing & grateful—We feel it the more because it is in such contrast with the commotions & rumors of war that prevail around us—"Every day's report" is eagerly watched & waited for to bring us the tidings of a great battle, as the great armies are almost within sight of each other—Impatience is felt for some decisive action, but though it is too late to hope for any other result, it is no wonder that both sides pause before beginning such a conflict—

July 4. Today Congress meets, to hold the most important session since that which consecrated the day as our national anniversary—I hope the present representatives of the people may consecrate it anew to our love & reverence & that their councils may be guided to results, that will create in the future a new feeling of loyalty & patriotism, that will preserve our country from the perils that now threaten its existence—

July 6. Read the President's message today—It recommends that an army of 400,000 men be called out, & an appropriation of 400 millions to sustain it—It is doubtless the best policy, but it is frightful to think of—

July 21. Today is another of the beautiful Sabbaths, which, this season have impressed us as never before. . . . Today we feel more than usually conscious of these, because we suppose the terrible conflict of Civil War, is now going on in Virginia in a great battle between the two forces, on the result of which, may depend the issues of life or death to our country & we await the tidings with anxiety & dread that exclude all other interests—

July 22. Today brought the tidings for which we waited so anxiously & for once the suspense was more tolerable than the reality—The result of a terrible conflict [Bull Run] was the disastrous retreat of our army, before an overwhelming superiority, not only in forces, but in generalship, & in every other preparation for successful war—A feeling of indescribable humiliation & grief pervades the whole community such as was never felt before—

July 25. Spent the day with Cousin Eliza Lea helping to pack up & send off to Miss Dix [Dorothea?] various contributions for the comfort of the wounded soldiers, to whose relief she is ministering so effectually—

September 20. It is now almost 6 months since the fall of Sumter & in that time I believe I have not read a book until now—Newspapers have absorbed our time & we have explored their columns & read the same things over & over again in different newspapers, in the vain hope that they might solve some of our anxious doubts & fears—

October 23. Another battle [Ball's Bluff?] resulting very disastrously for us has just been reported— All our efforts have resulted unfavorably & we have sustained so many defeats and discouragements, that the most hopeful are discouraged—

December 25. There was no sign of any abatement of expense or enjoyment in the festive season, on account of the terrible crisis through which the country is passing, no evidence that we were not as prosperous & happy as ever—Surely we must have a very different experience before the war is ended—The current of our lives cannot continue to flow on, unstained & untroubled by all the blood & treasure that must be spent, & the sorrow &

distress that must be endured—We cannot expect victory to be so cheaply bought, & if we are not to achieve victory, we must surely wear our sackcloth & ashes—

December 31. At this period of time, as I sit to watch the last sands of the old year pass silently through the hourglass, it is with a peculiarly solemn feeling, that I look back over the recorded and illuminated past, & forward into the blank & impenetrable future—But at this time all private memories & conjectures are lost in the momentous interests of our country—so much is trembling in the balance—such enormous issues at stake to be settled now, for ourselves, & those that come after us—The past year has been the most memorable era in our history since we were now a nation—but its retrospect is humiliating & disheartening—Enormous preparations made to crush the Rebellion, & no results gained at all commensurate with public expectation or to atone for our humiliating defeats—If the inaction continues the Government must lose the confidence of the people—It is hard to wait in patience, or even to " faintly trust the larger hope " that in the end the cause of justice & human rights must triumph—I pray that the opening year may leave a brighter record on our annals—

1862

February 18. Today we have a return of the weather that made last month so remarkable—dripping skies and air so clouded with moisture that distance was blotted out, & scarcely a glimpse of sunshine during the month—It has not been unpleasant to me, bringing quiet settlement, & a chance to sit & sew that has been quite a luxury—but it has been hard to be patient on account of the poor soldiers, whose life in Camp has been made far more disagreeable & unhealthy by it—& then too it has made any ground movement of the army impossible, just as it was expected to take place—We have no Napoleon to cross Alps, or find a way across the steppes of Russia, & the mud it seems is a more impossible barrier than the everlasting mountains, or the eternal snows—The Burnside expedition too, from which so much was hoped, was seriously damaged &

crippled by the storm, & we have to abate our expectations, & wait on in what patience we can for its results—meanwhile however we have more " heart and hope " than we had a few weeks ago since—the English difficulty is settled, & the victory in Kentucky is the most decided and substantial victory we have had—the tone of the Southern papers is more fearful & disheartened than it has been at all & we hope something from the energy and honesty of our new Secretary of War—& when the sun does shine again I hope we may find our political skies are brighter too, & that we have lived through our darkest days—

February 22. Today is offered as a national jubilee throughout the loyal states on account of the recent Union victories [at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson]; bells have been ringing, cannon firing, and flags flying all day, & tonight a general illumination lights up the country—It seems now as if the Rebellion might be put down in a short time—The defeats & humiliations of last summer are atoned for in a series of successes and victories, & the " winter of our discontent " gives place to a universal outburst of congratulations and joy—We feel that we have a country and a government, & have faith that they will be perpetuated & preserved, unimpaired—how, we do not exactly see, but trust to the future to solve the problem—

March 2. The grand army of the Potomac has made its first move, & " every days report " is waited for with eager expectations by all, & with intolerable anxiety by those who have the lives of their dearest at stake—The Government took possession of the Telegraph a week ago & nothing is reported by it or in the papers except what is permitted by the military authorities —so that the feverish excitement that prevails is not fed by false and uncertain rumors—We have now faith in our army & its Generals & have little doubt as to the result—The excitement of hope is very different from that of fear & we can wait with patience for the success that is to crown our arms—We forget as much as possible the fearful cost of our victories—it is of no use to read the dreadful details of suffering & the loss of life by which each is achieved—By this dreadful arbitrament the question has to be settled, & although we believe the permanence

of our Government is to be worth all it can possibly cost, I sometimes think military glory must be a natural instinct to make us forget as much as we do the horrors that lie beneath it—

March 7. Brother E. and Katie took tea here—our evening was pleasant socially, but spoiled by very disagreeable war news—In the midst of our triumphs & successes on land the Rebels have achieved a most unexpected victory on the water—Their iron clad steamer Merrimac made its appearance at Fortress Monroe with several gun boats, & destroyed two of our finest ships & another was burned to save it from falling into their hands—The loss of life must have been considerable; but the danger seems incalculable as the result proves that the most powerful wooden ships are altogether at the mercy of these iron clad steamers—& we cannot tell what damage may be done if this formidable enemy gets out into the ocean—

March 8. The news today somewhat allays our fears, as Ericsson's new invention, the iron Monitor, made her appearance at the commencement of the second days engagement & proved herself more than a match for the Merrimac, disabling her somewhat so that she had to return to Norfolk—The damage done is great, but nothing to what it might have been & we hope such disasters may be prevented in future—but this experience will prove a new era in naval warfare & the " walls of oak " will no longer be the " bulwarks of the deep."

March 11 [Philadephia]. Went this afternoon to Ann Wharton's " Contraband party " to sew for the fugitive slaves at Port Royal—There was a large party of pleasant people & we did a good amount of work & had " good talk "—Everybody seems willing to respond to the appeal made by these helpless outcasts, for aid & succor of every kind, & I hope something available may be done for their physical & moral improvement—The interest felt in them, & the willingness to aid them is one of the signs of the great revolution through which we are living, a revolution that affects not only the government & our political interests, but reaches our inmost convictions, & affects every principle of duty & of right—

April 18 [Baltimore]. The state of political feeling here has been very interesting to me & the different phases the war fever assumes here and with us—here too the difference of feeling affects the social relations, & different members of the same family entertain views as opposite as possible on the great question—the nearest ties cannot prevent this antagonism, husband & wife frequently cannot speak upon a subject so near to both, on which they are so far apart—parents & children differ as widely as possible under the same influences & principles, take opposite sides—scarcely any large family escapes their differences—in Tod Tyson's, James & Fred are rabid secessionists—& the rest as decided the other way—Fred's treason springs from the heresy so prevalent here, that the aristocracy & secession are leagued together, while Robert's political faith is the uncompromising principle that the Democracy ought to govern—These differences constantly show themselves & must exist in the Border land between slavery & freedom—

May [n. d]. Today we have the confirmation of yesterday's reports, that seemed quite too good to be true, that New Orleans has really fallen into our hands—the news comes through rebel sources, & is meagre & unsatisfactory, but there can be no doubt of its truth, or that in its importance & effect, it is the most signal victory of the war, it gives the most faithless & unbelieving some hope that the war may have an end, & must strike terror into the rebel ranks—but beyond these victories of blood & war, are the far more important victories of feeling & conviction—are these ever to be achieved? & is the cause of this evil ever to be reached? " The crimson flower of battle blooms " today because slavery has its root in our laws & institutions—there can never be any thing but a hollow truce until it is extirpated & scarcely even a truce while the two sections are inspired with feelings of rage & hate for each other—as yet there is but little show of union feeling in the slave states—no encouraging development of loyalty & true nationality & our victories lose half their worth, unless this feeling is latent & springs into life from their influence—

May 11. Today we have reliable intelligence of the occupa-

pation of Norfolk & the destruction of the Merrimac to prevent her falling into our hands—it would have been a great triumph to have captured the " rebel monster," but I am quite willing to sacrifice it, to spare the lives of our men & the loss of our ships—her short lived triumph convulsed & frightened the nations & revolutionized naval warfare—The crisis of this dreadful war must be at hand, as the two decisive battles in the East and West must be fought in a few days—Mr. McClellan is almost at Richmond, & the armies of Corinth are in sight of each other—the suspense is dreadful, but not intolerable, because we feel as if the tide of Victory can scarcely be turned back, though it may possibly be checked—

May 25. We still wait anxiously for the Telegraph to flash along the wires the tidings of Victory or defeat—No news of McClellan has been allowed to be published for two days & the great conflict must be going on—We cannot think what the consequences will be if it is not successful & can only trust with what faith we can that the right will triumph—

May 26. The vague rumors of yesterday are more than confirmed today in the tidings of the defeat & retreat of General Banks [in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign by Stonewall Jackson] back into Maryland—More alarm is caused by it than seems necessary—The Governors of the States are calling on the militia, fresh troops are called for to protect the Capitol & the scenes of last spring are reenacted—The defeat of Banks is unexpected & disastrous enough, but the alarm it created seems very disproportionate to the cause, unless there is something more to create it than has been made public—No news from Richmond or Corinth & the point of interest and alarm is suddenly transferred to another quarter—

May 28. The public excitement is rapidly subsiding & the panic dying out—as it was caused very much by the official orders to the Governors by the War Department, the disaster to our arms must have been magnified, & great uncertainty have been felt as to its extent & results—but it is mortifying to know that we can be panic stricken by any thing that can occur, & greatly impairs our confidence—Meantime although the Militia are dis-

banded, & the Reserves not accepted; new regiments from the States are being rapidly brot forward and recruiting going on vigorously, which seems as if the War was not near its close as we hoped—Banks' retreat was less disastrous than at first supposed & there is no other unfavorable news—The great battles are still to be fought—

June 29. Today is another of the many Sabbaths, quiet & peaceful to all outward appearances but disturbed by exciting rumors of bloodshed & battle—The great conflict *must* come, & as there can be no other decision, it is of no use to wish it deferred, but it must be waited for with sickening dread & fear, & full of horrors, let it result as it will,—but they must be aggravated, if it should strengthen the Rebellion—It is now late at night, & the frequent rattle of the rail way trains & their shrill whistle, make the nerves thrill, as we feel that

> The Crimson flower of battle blooms
> And solemn marches fill our nights—

July 4. The National Anniversary is celebrated today amidst doubts & fears such as never clouded it before—& the usual feu de joies jar the nerves & are most discordant—Six days of terrible fighting before Richmond [Seven Days' Battle] resulted in the retreat of McClellan & his army " to a more advantageous position," they say, but the actual result, though not a defeat is a decided repulse with frightful slaughter, & the loss of prestige and confidence of the Northern Army is in itself a great disaster to us, & a corresponding advantage to the South—At no time since the war began has our future seemed so doubtful & uncertain—in fact we seem to have no future & only to live a day at a time—The President has called for 300,000 more men—but there is no enthusiasm in the response & large bounties are offered to prevent the necessity of drafting—It is wonderful in how short a time the whole tone of public opinion is changed—a few weeks ago it was hopeful & exulting, everything promised success, & we thought the tide for victory could not be turned back, now discouragement everywhere prevails, & a greater want of confidence than has ever been felt before—The Hospitals are crowded with sick & wounded men,

& it is estimated that a thin part of our army is thus disabled— The mortality & sickness are frightful, apart from the loss by battle, but to these sufferers public & private benevolence & sympathy are amply extended—

August 12. Today was the time fixed for " the draft " for 600,000 new troops to go into operation but Government has extended the time until the 3rd of September in the hope that it may be unnecessary as enlistments are rapid from various motives, very many go from the fear of the draft; & the hope of the large bounties, & many also from purely patriotic motives, & a feeling that their country has a right to their services in its hour of danger, leave all the comforts & enjoyments of life, for privation hardship & danger—generally the troops we now see are a very superior class to the first recruits—

September 8 [Philadelphia]. The city is in great excitement over the war news, the late defeats of the Union forces have naturally weakened confidence in the power, not only of our army, which seems at present very much demoralized & disheartened, but in the ability & strength of the Government itself—& of course a corresponding dread is felt of the rebel forces & of their ability to achieve success in their undertakings— It is by far the darkest period of the war, & the most hopeful are discouraged—the citizens here are actually afraid of the safety of their own city, a thing we should have thought incredible, a short time since—& the North becomes more & more divided in sentiment & in strength as disasters & defeats multiply—

September 10 [Wilmington]. The Rebels continuing to march unopposed toward Penna. the Governor has ordered the militia to arm for its defence & many of our friends have joined regiments that are to go immediately forward to Harrisburg & thence to the border & perhaps to battle—amongst others Ben Smith has gone, & I pity Hetty left alone with her two babies & with countless anxieties & fears—Abm. Barker has also joined an organization but will not go, or leave home unless absolutely necessary, which I cannot think possible, as I have no idea the Rebels will risk an advance of any distance across the Potomac, where our army could certainly defeat them

if it has any strength or vitality left—I am far more afraid of their retreat, than their advance—if we allow them to recross the Potomac without a severe punishment we lose the best chance we are likely to have, of a signal success—

Sept. 19. Reports come in slowly of the late terrible battles [Antietam]—they are announced in the despatches as " glorious victories " but the accounts are meagre & unsatisfactory, & the only conclusion at present is, that we have *not* endured another disgraceful defeat, but have gained some slight advantage over the Rebels at a most enormous cost of life—Each battle becomes more & more bloody & none ever fought on this continent compare with these—the horrors of the war oppress every one; even those who have no relatives whose lives are at stake in each conflict wait with fear & dread for the tidings of our losses & grow sick at the sight of the long lists of the dead & wounded—

Sept. 21. The smoke of battle clears away a little & we begin to see the results more clearly—the loss in human life is frightful our own reports make ours 15,000, but many are slightly wounded—Our Delaware regiments were all in these battles which makes the feeling of excitement here stronger than ever before—Our success seems rather more decided than at first, & the feeling is more cheerful and hopeful—The Rebels have retreated across the Potomac, which proves that they were defeated, but that they were allowed to retreat in safety, & with their stores, proves anything but a " glorious victory " on our part—but it is something, just now, to feel that they are not indomitable—The best part of our success is, that the loyalty of Maryland is proved by the " Rebel raid—" their army even when unopposed & victorious, was coldly received & no welcome extended to them,—this gives a feeling of security that the limits of the Rebellion are reached, & that the South can no longer call her " my Maryland " & speak of her as down trodden & oppressed—

Sept. 23. Today appears the President's " Proclamation of Emancipation "—its effects no one can perhaps foresee—our party hails it as the dawn of the millenium, & the other deprecates

it as giving increased bitterness to the present struggle—I do not know what it may prove as a matter of policy, but it is surely a measure of justice & right, and I cannot but rejoice that we have as Gasparin says, " put ourselves right with God," though his favor may not be shown by successes, & triumphs, but by further reverses & sufferings—

Oct. 1. Our lives except the necessary daily routine, are all absorbed in the war—its tragedies come to our knowledge all the time,—trains of sick & wounded men are constantly passing thro' our city to the Hospitals, & many domestic histories are full of tragic interest,—I went to see a poor woman today whose story was told in a very few words, " My husband was shot on picket duty in Bank's retreat, just a week after he left me "—She made no complaint & her countenance expresses only the " anguish of patience " as she labors industriously for the support of her 3 young children, now entirely dependent on her exertions—These humble sufferers are the legal martyrs of the war, & every battle makes thousands of them—but the houses of rich & poor, all over the land, are " houses of mourning " & the visitation of suffering is impartial & unsparing, & as yet there seems no termination to the struggle, & no assurance of victory, & we live on hoping or desponding of the future, as the fortune of war warrant—

Nov. 9. Today is another verification of old John Adam's remark that " There are no Sabbaths in war " which we have often thought of lately—just as we were going to Meeting we were startled by the intelligence that Gen. McClellan had been removed from his command!—It will excite much comment & much opposition, & its results must be waited for, but for once I could not help feeling relieved & thankful,—I have long ceased to expect any thing from him, & now breathed more freely & look forward with more hope—Gen. Burnside takes his place—he has proved himself reliable & earned the love & confidence of his men & we can only trust that he may prove equal to his enormous duties, & responsibilities—His army it is said numbers 300,000—

Nov. 27. Thanksgiving Day, & very generally observed

throughout the loyal states—in the midst of this terrible crisis of our history there are still many causes for thanks, though more perhaps by fasting & supplication—

Dec. 14. The great battle [Fredericksburg] so long expected, is now going on, with what result we know not, & wait the tidings in dreadful anxiety; even we, who have no special stake in the conflict, can scarcely bear the suspense, so that we do not know how those live through it who have everything at hazard—we can only pray that the result may be such as to prevent the necessity of future conflict—The reports are only of dreadful losses & terrible carnage & no result so far—The battle was to be renewed this morning, & the last report is that we have carried the entrenchments—Thus this is another Sabbath profaned by scenes of horror and strife, & the manifold evils of war—but any other day would be equally profaned by such scenes, only the peaceful quiet that marks this day with us, makes such evils feel more horrible—The weather is unusually mild, & the mellow sunshine rests warm & bright on the earth—the pigeons sun themselves on the housetops; & murmur their soft notes as they feel the grateful warmth, & all the sights and sounds are so peaceful that it seems as if war ought to be impossible—

Dec. 16. Another defeat with frightful loss of life, & nothing gained—So that we are thankful to hear that our Army has recrossed the Rappahanock—Is the tide never to turn?—

Dec. 25. Christmas—Not withstanding the war, & the state of the country, Christmas was never more generally observed, nor with more apparent festivity and profusion—It surely does not seem like a time to make money & rejoice, but as yet we have not put on our sackcloth—one thing however must be said, people are not wrapped up in selfish enjoyment, but do much to share their plenty with those who need; a grand Christmas dinner was given to the children of the Volunteers numbering 800. Another to the soldiers in the Hospital & another to those in camp near here—the little children had fairs for the sick & wounded soldiers, & perhaps the enjoyment of the holy days was never so unselfish & charitable—

1863

January 1 [Philadelphia]. Cousin Thomas [Newlin] had just received letters from Shipley [Newlin] that increased their anxieties about him—He had been placed in command of an " Iron Car Battery " on the Manassas rail road with orders " to defend it [at] all hazards until reinforced," & as the Rebels are all around them nothing is more probable than an attack, & they can only wait with what patience they can for further tidings—Although many hearts are thus racked with suspense & fear, the general prosperity seems unabated, & there are no signs that war & desolation are ravaging the land, & threatening our government with destruction—A stranger would imagine the country in the full tide of prosperity & progress, instead of being visited with the most awful calamities that can befall a Nation—Surely it is not thus we can attain the end so earnestly prayed for—Today the final Proclamation of Emancipation was issued by the President! Will it be merely a decree of the Government that may fall to the ground, or is it a decree of the Almighty that will live through all the future? It is impossible to see, & we can only pray that events may confirm it—The old year went out in clouds & dripping rain, today has been as bright & sunshiny as if it was the beginning of a New Era, may it prove so, & when the year closes may we be able to sing a Te Deum for its real blessings, though they may not be those of prosperity & success—

January 8. This morning went with Sally Barker to see Caroline Wood—She is staying with her sister Mary Ann Chase, who is living through one of the common, but terrible visitations of affliction caused by the war—Her only two sons (neither of whom could be called men) were in the Anderson troop, which participated in the recent battle at Murfreesborough—The eldest was killed & the youngest is reported " missing," so that she is suffering the certainty of loss & the torment of suspense—As this Troop were recruited in Philadelphia from its best classes of citizens the greatest anxiety prevails here as to their fate & as all but 300 of the men threw down their arms & refused to go into the fight, their friends have the double dread of disgrace

or death—The regiment was the pride of the State from its splendid material, but was never properly organized or officered & there must be circumstances to palliate their conduct, though nothing can excuse it—All of those of whom we had any personal knowledge were of the " noble 300 "—Several of them were taken prisoners, but only the one death amongst them has yet been reported—Called to say Farewell to some of my nearest friends & this afternoon returned home, where I found them all as well as when I left there—

February 22. Today, which is one of our national anniversaries, is remarkable for the severest snow storm of the winter—None but the most zealous turn out to go to church, & even the short space from here to meeting is quite formidable—Distance is quite obliterated by the driving snow which fills the air & which does not seem to fall to the earth, but to be driven in every direction by the fierce winds—We cannot but contrast the day with last year's jubilee, when the sunshine was not so bright as our hopes & prospects, & the bells & feu de joies told of our victories & successes & the voice of thanksgiving arose through all the loyal states—New clouds & darkness rest upon the present, & obscure the future, & amidst discouragement & gloom we can only " faintly trust the larger hope " that at last the right must triumph—

July 4 [Wilmington]. Today is a most memorable and eventful of all our National Anniversaries—What its record will be is not yet quite clear, as results cannot be fairly judged of amidst the horrible din of battle, but the day closes with our hopes strengthened that it may take its place in history with the best results that can be achieved by the dreadful arbitration of war—For almost three weeks we have lived in a state of excitement, suspense & fear from the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania [Gettysburg]—Almost depressing apathy & inertness seemed to possess the people, from which they were only aroused by the pressing emergency of the danger, as the enemy appeared in front of their capital—They retreated at last from the line of the Susquehanna on the advance of the Army of the Potomac, & with this army (our only hope of safety) the dangerous experiment

was made of a change of commanders while it was actually in motion—So far however the change seems to be justified, & we begin to hope that after so many failures, General Meade may be a success—This morning the reports were rather more favorable, but not so much so as to remove the torment of suspense & anxiety, but this afternoon & evening bring a congratulatory letter from the President, & telegraphs reporting decided successes, so that we hope the horizon is brightening & draw a deep breath of relief as we feel that the tension of the last few days is a little relaxed—

July 5. The day has been filled with rumors & telegraphs of the most exciting character—We trust tomorrow may confirm them, for although they seem actually written in blood, & report carnage of the most unprecedented character, they all tell the same tale of defeat & disaster to the Rebel Army who fight as if they meant to be destroyed rather than surrender—It is horrible to think that such scenes are possible, but the " wages of battle " must decide the case & we can only hope that its verdict may be so decided that the case will never need to be tried over again—Two trains of the wounded have passed thro' today & Brother William with a number of our citizens leave tonight to take what aid they can to the sufferers on the battlefield—

July 9. About two o'clock today, just as we were taking our afternoon naps we were awakened by the clangor of the bells all over town, evidently sending abroad some intimation of good tidings—As the recent victories were quite enough reason for their joyous peal I did not at first think of anything else, but looking out of the window soon perceived there was some new excitement—The Stars and Stripes floated from every pole, people stopped to congratulate each other in the streets, & the sound of cannon soon began to fill the air, & the joyful tidings " Vicksburg has surrendered " was heard on all sides—The dispatches from Admiral Porter announcing its surrender on the 4th was printed & distributed, & tonight the League Rooms were illuminated & rockets & fireworks still flash across the sky although it is near midnight—It is eighteen months since the bells rang for any victories before—We have had some partial suc-

cesses, but they were too few to atone for our defeats and humiliations, but now we feel that our National Anniversary is consecrated anew & sing Te Deum with thankful hearts—

July 10. For the last few days long trains of wounded have been passing through town on their way to the Northern Hospitals & our whole city resolves itself into a Volunteer Refreshment Saloon & sends food & refreshments to them while they stop—It is wonderful how cheerful & uncomplaining they all are, & how unselfish in their preference one to another—The worse cases are not sent so far away, but it is comforting to observe that even those that are severely wounded do not appear to suffer severely, & in this, contrast very favorably with the sick, who have a hopeless, disheartened expression, while these look well & cheerful—

July 12. Brother William returned last evening from the field of battle where the inevitable horrors are mitigated as far as possible by the efforts of many, who represent the overflowing sympathy & feeling of the whole country—I suppose never before were the miseries of war so alleviated—This battle had been one of the most bloody of all in this fearful war—Already 6000 of the wounded have passed through our town and as many more are expected—

July 15. Today we have the disappointment of finding that the Rebel Army has succeeded in getting safely across the Potomac—We captured about 2000 of the rear guard, but this is insignificant compared with our hopes and expectations—We shall never have so good a chance again of inflicting on them a complete disaster & their escape, together with the dreadful riots in New York go very far to neutralize our grand successes in the South West—The New York mob is the greatest disgrace of the kind recorded against us, & if not put down and punished will probably be followed by a general resistance to the conscription, which will lead to the most serious consequences—

December [n. d.]. Went this evening to hear the celebrated lecturer Frederick Douglass—I expected to find him eloquent, but had no idea that his eloquence was of such a high order—I have

never heard more than two or three orators that I think equal to him, and this, without any of the advantages of early education, is truly one of the miracles or genius—Even [Robert] Burns with his superabundant gifts complained of his deficiencies in this respect—Douglass' enunciation & pronunciation are as finished as if his tongue had been trained in their niceties from infancy, while his logic is clear and forcible, his pathos simple & touching, & his wit & sarcasm keen & effective—Nature has given him a magnificent voice & the quality which we call " magnetic power," that enables the orator to obtain mastery over his audience & carry their sympathies with him—That a man with such capacities could ever have been held as a slave & owned by a fellow man, ignorant, brutal, & cruel, creates a new feeling of indignation & detestation for the atrocious system—He pleaded for the complete enfranchisement of his race & the removal of all their civil & political disabilities so powerfully & effectively that we might each have explained " almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian "—

Went this afternoon to the Union Thanksgiving Meeting on account of the victory at Chickamauga—The different denominations all met at the Hanover Street Church represented by their different ministers who preached & prayed as they were called upon—Nothing makes me realize more fully the great revolution through which we are living than to attend one of these meetings & listen to the utterances of the clergy on the subject of slavery—A few years ago it would have been martyrdom for anyone of them to have breathed such sentiments, & now they can scarcely go far enough to meet the popular wishes—They seem to enjoy this freedom of speech & make what amends they can for their long criminal silence, by eloquent denunciations of the great wrong, & doubtless are duly thankful for their own emancipation as well as the freedom of the slave—

December 31. Am keeping my usual watch over the last sands of the old year as they fall slowly through the quiet hours of night—They are not however so quiet as usual, as guns have been firing for the last hour to announce the arrival of our first Delaware Regiment from the " Seat of War " to the enjoyment of their own homes for a short period before they re-enlist, &

return to the hardships & dangers of the service—There is but a " skeleton " left of the fine regiment that went out with full ranks, in the fervor of enthusiasm with which the war began, & they only deserve the arch of triumph & the feast of fat things that have been prepared to welcome them home—They joined the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula & have been in every battle since, & have acquitted themselves with distinction & won the bloody honors of war—

The retrospect of the past year is very different from its predecessor & leaves us full of hope for the future & we feel as if it might indeed prove the " year of jubilee " to this country—For ourselves we have many blessings to acknowledge, inevitable crosses & trials must come to all, but our allotment calls for thanksgiving & not complaint & we accept it in some degree with grateful hearts—

1864

January 1. The new year opens bright & clear, but with bitter winter weather, & I do not know that I ever felt the sudden changes in the temperature so sensibly or with so much suffering, & it is distressing to think of the exposure of the poor soldiers—The 1st Delaware received their grand ovation today—They looked " war-worn & weary " & not at all elated with the honors with which they were received, in fact seemed rather insensible to their triumph—They looked as if they had experienced many hardships, & their battle flags were torn to shreds by the storms of war & weather, & by rebel bullets—They also carried several rebel flags as trophies—As we walked out toward Brandywine we saw a Camp of Colored Soldiers on one of the vacant lots—They are going to the lower part of the state to recruit among the slaves if they can find any—Their presence is one of the signs and wonders of the times—They are well received here & were fed & feasted on the remains of the soldiers dinner—

February 20. Susan Wharton left us this P. M. after one of her grateful little visits which we all enjoy—When I came home after waiting on her to the cars I found William Wharton here—He took tea & talked an hour pleasantly—He comes to make arrangements for laying a railroad through our city & up Dela-

ware Avenue, one of the innovations of these days of progress, & a sign that we are growing to be a large city—Some doubts however are entertained by many as to whether we are large enough yet, to make this a paying investment—

March 29. This evening just after tea Ferris Bringhurst came for me to go with him to see Geo. Moody who had just arrived in town from Fort Delaware, a prisoner, but exchanged, & on his way South by Fortress Monroe—He has but a few hours to stay, & wanted to see as many of his friends & relatives as possible—Our meeting was stormy, as his first salutation was, " well Anna are you as much of an Abolitionist as you were," and my answer, " yes, ten times blacker than ever "—As he is a prisoner " in bonds " I should not have opened the war, but as he was determined to be aggressive, I had to keep the flag flying—As far as appearance goes, he looks as if he had " stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in "—His military life has developed his remarkable personal advantages, his hair is abundant & almost white, he wears the real old-fashioned cocked hat, & is a beau ideal of a soldier of the Revolutionary type—as magnificent as Mr. Washington himself—I have never seen anything like him & our soldiers look quite insignificant beside him—It was quite a comfort after paying an involuntary tribute of admiration to his appearance to remember that some of the world's greatest commanders & heroes had been small, insignificant men & that bulk was after all, not particularly desirable in a soldier, & that old Frederick's giants [4] are not invincible—He has his full share of Southern arrogance, which is really imperial in its way & is still " full of fire & fury " but not I think of real hope & confidence in their bad cause—He is full of bravado & abuse, but must feel their wide difference between their threats & achievements—I am glad to have seen him just to remember such a type of manhood, but hope we shall never meet again until we have " Union & Liberty one & inseparable " established all over our country—

March 31. Heard today that George Moody had been arrested in Baltimore for giving vent in public to some of his rebellious

[4] This is probably a reference to the tall soldiers of Frederick the Great.

sentiments—William Bringhurst who went to Baltimore with him was also placed under arrest on suspicion, for being in such bad company—He was released as soon as he could get evidence to prove his loyalty, but George was still detained—I am not sorry he was punished for his vaporing [?], his guard was also under arrest for allowing him such undue license—

April 4. Today the great Metropolitan fair of New York for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission opens—These enormous fairs are the great feature of the Home Campaign for the present season—The Hospitals for sick & wounded are now well furnished & do not need private aid as heretofore & the most efficient aid to be rendered to those on the battlefield, or at a distance is through the agency of this Commission which has already been furnished with many millions for the purpose—Probably this New York Fair will be the greatest of all & will realize the largest profits, but every effort will be made to equal it in Philadelphia & everybody is at work to do what they can for the cause—Human ingenuity is taxed, to produce what results it can with a needle, & in the knitting line, & in the higher line of art equal efforts are making—Collections of trophies, curiosities, antiquities, relics, works of art, autographs, etc. are gathered—Concerts, charades, tableux, readings, private theatricals are given, & everybody is baptised into one purpose & spirit & all are working together for one end—Will it all help to attain the great end for which we all pray? At any rate the unselfish devotion to a great purpose makes life better, & banishes many of the contemptible trifles that make too much " the sum of human things "—

April 8. This evening George Thomson the great English Anti-Slavery Orator & reformer lectures here—In manner & appearance he is most agreeable & attractive, & a most interesting & eloquent speaker—His appearance & reception amongst us is a significant sign of the revolution through which we are passing—When here 30 years ago he was threatened with martyrdom, & driven from the country, for the expression of his Anti-Slavery views. Now he is received everywhere with acclamation, & has almost a national welcome—He is now just returning from

Washington where he delivered an address in the House of Representatives by the invitation of its members before the President & other dignitaries of the country—The slave rule at least is broken, & the North emancipated & public opinion unshackled—We may have to wait yet a little longer for the grand consummation, but we have surely witnessed " the beginning of the end "—

May 8. We are again waiting breathless the terrible ordeal of battle [Battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania]—The two great armies have met to test their strength in what is thought to be the decisive struggle for supremacy—Fighting has been going on for several days & rumors prevail of victory & defeat, but nothing reliable has been received & this is another of the many Sabbaths since the war began, whose stillness & peace & beauty are painful, from the contrast they suggest, to the dreadful scenes transpiring elsewhere in which we are all so painfully interested—Evening—Cousin Joe has just called to say that telegrams have been received this P. M. giving favorable news of our army so that we draw a freer breath, & go to bed relieved & thankful—We who have no interest in the army beyond our patriotic feeling can feel thus, but not so the army of martyrs at home who wait in the agony of suspense for the tidings of life or death that any hour may bring—

May 15. Another week of battle & bloodshed has passed away & though we seem to have won victory at a tremendous cost of life, it is evident that it is only the beginning not the ending of the conflict—The list of killed & wounded are frightful, but the proportion of killed is said not to be so large as usual & the wounds more generally slight—Many of our citizens have gone to the battlefield to do what they can for the sufferers—It seems certain that this is to be the decisive campaign of the war—The Rebels are determined & desperate, & if there is any disparity of numbers in our favor, they have other compensating advantages—Our great hope is in the justice of our cause & in Gen. Grant's inflexible endurance—If he can inspire the army & the other generals with his patient courage, victory may long be deferred, but it will be sure to come—But how much depends

on one life & that surrounded by a thousand dangers—Even more perhaps depends on Gen. Lee's life to the Rebels, as he is the bulwark of their cause—

June 8 [Philadelphia]. Came to the city today to stay a few days and see what is to be seen at the " Great Central Fair " which opened yesterday & which occupies the thoughts & interests of the public to the exclusion of most other things at present—My curiosity had to be deferred for the present, for just as I joined the throng inside the building an order was issued by the managers to close the building for the day as there seemed a danger of some part giving way, under the pressure of the crowd—It has been hastily constructed & last evening gave way, costing the life of one or more of the musicians & seriously injuring some of the others. . . .

June 9. Came to the Fair this morning with Anna Newlin & as the crowd was much diminished by yesterday's alarm, we had a more satisfactory opportunity of seeing its wonders—Having the experience of all the other Fairs to profit by the Philadelphians have surpassed them all in size & show & the result is most gratifying to their local pride—It is a most wonderful display of everything under the sun & in whole & in part admirably arranged—The Union Avenue is a grand gothic arch 400 feet long, & gorgeous with flags & colors overhead—It is typical of the Union as it was, or as it is to be " when the cruel war is over ", for the flags of South Carolina & Georgia float side by side with those of Massachusetts & Pennsylvania, & over all the Stars & Stripes canopy the whole arch of the roof—Will they ever again shine in harmonious influences in our national sky? The Horticultural department & the Art Gallery are the greatest attractions, the latter is said to be the finest collection of pictures ever gathered together in this country—The one I enjoyed most was Bierstadt's picture of the Wind [?] Gap pass in the Rocky Mountains, one of the grand features of our national scenery unknown except to a few adventurous travellers. . . . We all came together to the Fair this evening & visited some of the departments, which we had not before seen—The Arms & Trophies, exhibiting all the wonderful inventions of

death & destruction, & many of their dreadful results—hundreds of tattered battle flags tŏrn to fragments with rebel bullets, & many captured rebel flags & banners hanging by their side—Two immense smoke stacks of our Monitors with their thick iron sides torn like paper by rebel shell, & many fragments of their " iron clads " destroyed or captured by us—Old Revolutionary trophies also appear, more gratifying to our national pride & awakening no unpleasant feelings of sorrow & dread for the stormy present, & the uncertain future. . . .

June 14. As a whole it [the Fair] is a great success, but not withstanding its benevolent object there is too much of Vanity Fair about it to make it suited to a time of public calamity & distress, but perhaps its pecuniary results will be more satisfactory because lower motions are blended with the philanthropy & patriotism that originated it.

July 5. Today, a year ago, we were receiving the details of the great triumphs that made the National Anniversary so illustrious & today we have a streak of good news, that is very gratifying to our patriotic feeling, & tho' not of great importance to the ultimate success of the cause, is a great triumph to us & will be a corresponding humiliation to the Rebels—It is the destruction of the Alabama by the USS Steamer Kearsarge in the British Channel—As she was an English ship & manned in great part with English sailors trained in their own Navy, it is a double triumph, & I feel doubly glad that she ended her career of destruction & death, so near the port that fitted her out & sent her forth prepared for her iniquitious mission—Unfortunately the Pirate [5] was not taken with his ship, but escaped to Liverpool—

July 10. Today is another instance of John Adams' remark, " There are no Sabbaths in war "—This morning news was received of the defeat of our forces sent out to oppose the Rebels in their Northern raid, & of their retreating in confusion to Baltimore which as well as Washington & the lines of communication around them are now considered in danger—The

[5] Captain Raphael Semmes. See DAB, XVI, p. 581, for mention that he had been nicknamed the " Pirate " by Northerners.

churches adjourned their services, that the congregations might attend a town meeting, & the sounds of the drum & fife calling the citizens to arms have been heard instead of the " Church going bells "—Great excitement is felt, but not so much alarm as on former occasions of the same kind, for our immediate safety, but hundreds of citizens throng the recruiting offices to offer their services for the crisis—It is now bedtime & the sound of the drum, & of marching feet, announce the arrival of recruits from the lower part of the State, by the cars—

July 11. It seems incredible that after more than 3 years of war, & many successes, we should be thrown into the same state of alarm & suspense that existed at its commencement—Today all our telegraphic & rail road communications with Baltimore were captured & destroyed, & the passengers robbed, & one of the bridges burned—The Rebel force is reported as very large, but no reliable information can be obtained—It is supposed they may attempt to get to Washington & some anxiety is felt about the safety of the Capitol—Our citizens are enlisting rapidly & even Ben has been enrolled for the common defence—I am not surprised at his boyish enthusiasm, but am that his Father was willing to yield to it, & expose him at his age to the certain & uncertain risks of even a short period of military life—He is too young to render any efficient service to his country & may receive lasting injury from the exposure—

July 12. Ben left today with a company many of whom are but little older than himself—We continue to hear alarming reports of the invasion, & of the proximity of the Rebels—Their audacity & our supineness are certainly amazing—We feel much anxiety for our friends in Maryland, as the Raiders passed through Sandy Spring & Harford & have robbed them of stock & produce—

July 14. The " great scare " is over, & the news this morning is that the Rebels have retreated with their plunder, but the disgrace & humiliation remains—There is but little hope that they will be captured, but some effort will surely be made to punish them in some way—The only consolation is that Grant's campaign has not been affected by this skillful diversion of the Enemy—

July 15. A letter came from Ben today, written in good spirits, & with an evident enjoyment of the hardships, & exposures of a soldier's life that will not last, after the excitement & novelty is gone—They are at present guarding the Bridges at Conewingo, where I hope they will not be in much danger & in a healthy location—

August 11. Ben returned safe today, but does not seem cured of his predilections for a soldiers life, by his short experience of it—In fact they have only had enough of it to gratify the spirit of adventure, & none of the real hardships & horrors—Not enough to do any good, & not enough, I hope, to do much harm physically or morally—

August 31. The Democratic Convention has nominated McClellan for their candidate for the Presidency—I am afraid his name will prove a "spell to conjure with," & if we have endured all the unnumbered evils of this dreadful war, only to have Democracy & Slavery triumph again, I don't see how we shall bear the disappointment or keep our patriotism alive—

September 3. Today we have the good news that we have waited for so long—the success of our Army at Atlanta—The report of its capture came last evening & is confirmed this morning, but without any particulars to inform us of the importance, or completeness of the victory—I hope it may prove a substantive triumph, which we greatly need to keep us in heart—No campaign of the war has been more disappointing than this from which we hope so much—It is a most desperate struggle, & so far the result has not been in our favor—

September 5. The victory at Atlanta is confirmed by further reports, & this evening we hear the news of the capture of the Rebel Steamer Georgia—The President orders salutes & rejoicings throughout the country—

October 9 [Rancocas, New Jersey]. Paid a visit this afternoon at Chas. Stokes—It is almost impossible not to talk politics at this time—The subject is so vital & absorbing—In this neighborhood we have the anomaly of Quaker Democrats openly advocating the policy of a compromise with Rebellion & Slavery—

Friend Stokes is one of these & we talked the subject over at length, from the most different points of view, & very plainly, but without ill feeling, & left each other unconverted—

October 21 [Philadelphia]. Came into the city this morning & called to see Shipley Newlin, who came home from the army ill with remitting fever—He was out for the 100 days, which has just expired—He was not able to be taken home, & is still at his Uncle Ben's & with his Mother & one of his sisters there to nurse him—On the vital question of politics, he is at variance with his family, & the " irrepressible conflict " appeared even in our short interview—I honor him for the independent stand he has taken, & wish they could see the great question in which we are all so deeply interested, in the light in which we view it, but as their convictions are equally sincere & conscientious as ours, we must abide in love, & hope that in time we may come into unity again—

November 7. As the day of election draws near, the anxiety & excitement becomes more intense & pervades all classes—It is impossible to pass anyone in the street & catch a word that is spoken, without finding that the one subject is agitated by all—Even the children are all partizans & echo the party war cry & as soon as they are out of school—The question is so vital, so absorbing, so fraught with the issues of life, for the present, & the future, that no one can stand aside & take no part in the great contest—Even Father who never voted for a President before, " bears his testimony " tomorrow by casting his vote for Lincoln—To us who feel strongly it seems like the conflict between good & evil, light & darkness—Slavery stands on one side, freedom & justice on the other—All that makes our country dear to us & is to make it great & glorious in the future is to be preserved or lost—The very magnitude of the stake makes us tremble, but I do not really fear the result of the election—

November 8. The day has closed that we have so long looked forward to, to decide the great question at issue before the country, & the world, & it seems to us that no day more momentous ever dawned before—We do not yet know the result of the contest, but have no fears for the issue—It has been the most

quiet election day, that we have had for years—All the previous excitement, noise & turmoil seem to have died away, & peace to reign on the earth—I shall always regret that Father has been prevented from casting his vote for the cause of liberty & right, but he was taken sick last evening & has been in bed through the day—

November 9. Imperfect returns show that our hopes did not deceive us, & that truth, justice, & right are stronger in our country, than falsehood, ignorance, & slavery—The election of Lincoln is conceded by all, & we hope by a majority that will crush the last hope of faction & any effort to make trouble in the future, & it now remains for the victors to use their triumph with moderation & fairness—

November 12. The triumph becomes more & more complete as the returns come in—Only 3 states have voted for McClellan—Alas that one of them should be Delaware! She is chained to Slavery & Democracy for a new term—In the midst of the general joy & triumph, we feel grieved & humiliated, but not disappointed—It was too much to hope that our benighted lower counties should be so suddenly enlightened—The general result is magnificent & I never felt so patriotic before, nor so confident of the efficiency & strength of republican institutions—It now only remains to hope & pray that the victors may be endowed with wisdom, patriotism & magnaminity so to use their great triumph, that it may prove a victory of truth, peace & liberty, & that it may bring with it the " righteousness that exalteth a nation "—

1865

January 1. The rain & clouds all drifted away in the night, & the New Year begins in sunshine & blue skies—The national horizon is bright with the splendor of victory, & beyond it appears the faint dawn of peace, the promise of a more beautiful day—We accept it with thankful hearts, & begin to have faith that we have almost crossed the Red Sea & shall sing our praises on the banks of deliverance—

January [mid.]. Congress has passed by the required ma-

jority the amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery! We all feel thankful, but as the success of the measure was certain in the next Congress, if it had not passed in this, we are less excited about it than we ought to be—Only Father is sufficiently enthusiastic & tells us all, over & over, that it is the greatest day we ever saw—I am glad he has lived to feel, that he sees the salvation of his country, & that we all begin to feel that " our eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord & to hope that the honors of the war may at last end in the glory of liberty & the blessings of peace "—

April 3. One of the dates that we feel must be forever memorable in the annals of our country—About 11 o'clock this morning we were startled by the joyful clangor of the bells, & soon heard in the sound of many feet, & voices, the signs that the heart of the people was quickened into life & enthusiasm by some great news & learned that after four years of hopes & fears, patient waiting, & impatient longing, the desire of our hearts was reached, & that Richmond, the heart of the Rebellion, was in possession of the Union Army—Through a Red Sea of blood, through a long struggle of suffering & agony, the promised land of peace & liberty is reached at last & the end now that it is attained, seems worth the struggle, dreadful as it has been—It is impossible to express what we feel, our gratitude & joy cannot be coined into words, but I believe that in the heart of the people it is no cruel or vindicative triumph, but is blended with piety & mercy for the fallen foe, & a conviction that our success is their salvation & regeneration as well as our own—

> Come Peace not like a mourner born
> For Honor lost, & dear ones wasted,
> But proved, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell of triumph tasted!
> Come, such as Mothers prayed for, when
> They kissed their corpse with lips that quivered,
> And bring fair wages for brave men,
> A nation saved, a race delivered!

April 7. Today a dispatch was received that Lee has surrendered with the Rebel Army—No one doubted the report, &

bells rang, cannon thundered & huzzas were shouted all the afternoon, to express the universal thanksgiving, which rose almost to extacy. But the evening papers dashed the general joy, by contradicting the report—Another victory is won & many of the Rebel generals captured, but not Lee or the remnant of his Army—They are however hemmed in & the report is not improbable, only a little premature—

April 10. Just at the close of this quiet Sabbath, as we were preparing to go to bed, we were startled again into life & excitement by the ringing of the bells, announcing this time truly the surrender of Lee & the army to Gen. Grant! No words can express our joy & gratitude—How many Sabbath's during the last 4 years, bright with peaceful sunshine & musical with the sound of church going bells at home, have been darkened by sad tidings of battle & carnage, & filled with sounds of suffering & death—How often has the very unconscious peace & beauty of Nature served to irritate the heart, when it was filled with the agony of suspense & dread—Now the same day brings us the tidings of our great & it must be our final victory—It is now past midnight & the bells are still ringing & the cannon firing, but at last they speak of peace & good will to men we trust will

> Ring out the thousand wars of old
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.

April 14. Today the old flag was raised over Fort Sumter by Gen. Anderson! & as many of those who could be gathered, men who had witnessed its disgrace, were to accompany him to witness its triumph & Henry Ward Beecher to deliver the oration! What a revolution! Surely never before was such a history compressed into 4 years, & no one at the beginning could dream of the end—The South never imagined such a humiliation, & the North scarcely hoped for the completeness of its triumph, or intruded while struggling for Union to abolish Slavery—The day has been warm & bright, " a bridal of the earth & sky," in more senses than one, for we hail the advent of Peace, & already enjoy its promised blessings—I scarcely ever felt so thankful or so happy, indeed the heart seems enlarged with a new sense of joy & gratitude, for not only do the later accounts confirm the

completeness of our triumph, but show a moderation, & a magnanimity in the victors, unknown in the annals of war, & which crowns their successes with a new glory—

April 15. We laid down last night with a sense of peace & happiness long unknown—We awoke this morning to a consciousness of horror & grief never known before! It is really dreadful to write the words that express such a horrible crime—the President has been assassinated! No words can possibly express the feeling it creates—

Four years from the day the first shot was fired at Sumter, another in which seems concentrated all the hate, wickedness & guilt of slavery & the Rebellion, has taken from us the head of the Nation, but not we trust until his "eyes had seen its salvation"—

April 16. Such a Sabbath our country never saw! Not any other, since the death of the first born, brought death into every house, & grief into every heart—No man since Washington has ever received so universal a feeling of personal affection as Lincoln, & his death under any circumstance, even as a dispensation of Providence, would have created a universal sorrow, but mingled with the horror & fear of the wicked act, & the wrath it excites, the state of feeling is scarcely to be endured—Mr. Seward, lying on a bed of sickness, was attacked by another assassin at the same time, & stabbed repeatedly, & his son, who attempted to rescue him, was knocked down, & neither are expected to live—There seems little doubt that it was intended to murder the whole Cabinet & leave the Nation without a Government paralyzed & helpless—We seem groping in thick darkness & look at each other in fear & dread, asking what is to become of us? Every house is clothed in mourning & every heart has its chamber of death—Mr. Seward & his son have both been reported dead, but from later accounts it seems probable that they still live—The Vice President was sworn into office yesterday morning—Will he be equal to its responsibilities & duties? Everybody asks the question & none can answer—His short inaugural speech is solemn & dignified, but it is stern, & earnest, & asks for punishment for treason, & promises it to traitors—It does not

demand [?] vengeance but calls for justice—We shall have no more speeches overflowing with the milk of human kindness & breathing " Charity to all "—We shall still " conquer a peace," but I am afraid we shall lose its crowning triumph, of mercy & forgiveness—There was only one heart large enough & warm enough to obey the divine command to love its enemies, & waited & longed for the opportunity to do good to those that hated & persecuted him—The lips that spoke *only* the law of kindness are silent forever, & the mind of conscious rectitude that would have made the " crooked paths strait " & regulated the lines of human policy by the law of Christian law, no longer rules the nation to make Peace truly the expression of " good will to man "—" The good President " struck down by an assassin, while in the very act of inaugurating a policy so benign that his enemies could ask for nothing more, seems an incredible atrocity & we wonder whether love & mercy still reign in Heaven, while such unprovoked wickedness walks the earth—

April 19. Attended Bishop Lee's Church this morning & heard him deliver in fitting & simple words a beautiful tribute to the life & character of the President—At noon today his body was borne from the White House to the Capitol, & funeral services held at all the churches in the country at the same time—A feeling of solemnity very unusual on such occasion, or on any occasion prevailed, & loud sorrow filled all hearts—So universal & heartfelt a tribute of grief was never paid before, & in it the feeling of indignation & rage melted away, so that we could comprehend the prayer of divine love " Father forgive them for they know not what they do "—

April 22 [Philadelphia]. I came to Philadelphia this morning, partly on business, & partly to see the funeral procession of our dead President as it passed through the city on its way to his home in the " far West "—It is to take the same route by which he came to Washington 4 years since to assume the responsibilities which the people had committed to his charge—What a long period equal to a century of ordinary history, is comprised in the time—Never before was there such a universal demonstration of love & of sorrow—The body was not to arrive

in the city until 4 P. M., but from noon the living tide poured into the streets through which the funeral cortege was to pass, until they were filled with a dense mass of people waiting quietly hour after hour to catch a short glimpse of the coffin containing the remains of the murdered President—By some mismanagement the procession was delayed until it was dusk before it reached Arch St., & as it was expected to get to Independence Square by daylight no torches had been provided, so that it was impossible to see the long train that was passing before our eyes, only the occasional flash of a street lamp revealed the coffin for an instant to our straining eyes—

July 4. It is months since I was interrupted in the unfinished sentence above, & have never since opened the book to note any of the incidents that have since occurred to mark our public or private history—But the National Anniversary brings to mind more vividly the contrast between peace & war, & the present time & the 4 preceding anniversary's, 4 years today the war Congress assembled & the President's message was read, asking for 400,000 men & $400,000,000 in money—It seemed ample then, & we little knew what experiences were before us, & what lessons even the most favored of us had to learn in the school of War—of anxiety, fear, suspense & horror—The next 4th brought us the tidings of our disasters before Richmond, to me the most distressing & discouraging of our defeats, & the period that followed was dreadful—The next 4th was the turning point in the war, & brought us the tidings of our dear bought but decisive victory at Gettysburg & the glorious news of the surrender of Vicksburg—Last year the Rebels were burning the bridges & Cars, & robbing the passengers on our rail-road & thundering at the gates of Washington, in the vain hope of raising the siege of Richmond—Now we have " Victory & Peace " & feel thankful & happy but not jubilant as we expected, & there are few illuminations & public rejoicings—Our large cities try to make a display, but there is no fervor, & no enthusiastic or controlling impulse in the public mind, Partly doubtless on account of the shadow of the President's assassination, & partly because the war ceased gradually, & there was no declaration of peace, partly because everybody has had enough of excitement

& chiefly on account of the nature of the conflict, & a feeling that as the South is still a part of our country, we will not humiliate them further, by an ostentatious triumph, but everybody is thankful & ready to enjoy the blessings of peace—

July 14. Today the last of our Delaware soldiers came " home from the wars," & were welcomed at the Institute & a collation prepared at which 1000 of them were feasted—They form the 2 & 3rd Regiments, & when they first went out they numbered 1700 men—Of these only 65 of the original number remain in the service—A few did not re-enlist, & more doubtless straggled away, but the greater number were killed, or wounded & disabled—They were good fighting material & for a long time were placed " in the front " of some of the bloodiest battles of the war, from " the 7 days around Richmond " to the struggle at Gettysburg—Those that return are " bronzed veterans," but the reality is not exactly like the fancy soldier—They have however been brave & faithful & are probably superior to the " common soldier " anywhere else—This is probably the last we shall see of the war & we are thankful to have no more " summer campaigns "—Frequently in the evenings we hear the huzzas that tell us that troops are passing through, but the familiar sound tells a different story when they are going home than it did when they were bound to the front—The " Crimson flower of battle " blooms no longer, & instead we have the " white lilies of peace "—

December 31. In glancing over the few pages that contain all I have preserved of the occurences of the year I find they mostly relate to its public history, & in looking backward over its days & months I can scarcely recall anything of a private nature that has left much record on my memory—There has been no remarkable passages in our quiet lives, & never before now our individual interests & feelings so merged into the current of public interests—The closing scenes of the War, so full of excitement, triumph of congratulations, were quickly followed by the great national tragedy, that turned back the tide of feeling, & clothed every heart in mourning, & we sat in the shadow of darkness, uncertain & afraid, confronted with a great crime & not knowing what perils might grow out of it—This feeling passed as the

Government vindicated its strength & ability, & the new President proved as we hope equal to his situation, but the old feeling of exultation could not return—We are thankful that the blood red pages of war are closed, & that the coming chapters of our history are to record the victories of peace & justice & liberty, that the hope of the nations, & the ages is to be fulfilled, for this we must wait, the problem cannot be solved at once, but as I listen to the bells that announce the advent of the New Year, I feel that never before was the hope so nearly accomplished that they

> Ring out the thousand wars of old
> Ring in the thousand years of peace

& the hymns of the Methodists who sing out the old year, as they reach us from a distance seem like the floating echoes of the divine anthem " peace on earth & good will to men."

The Brandywine Home Front During the Civil War

PART I: 1861

By NORMAN B. WILKINSON *

If S. C. is allowed to withdraw, then our Nationality has been a fiction, a compact without solid foundation. On the other hand coercion creates a Southern Confederacy & sooner or later a Civil War.[1]

THESE might have been the despairing words of a harassed statesman during the waning days of the Buchanan administration seeking a way out of the crisis caused by Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency. Rather, this succinct voicing of the dilemma in which the nation found itself in November, 1860, was made by the commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Captain Samuel Francis du Pont, 40-year veteran of naval service, whose home was at Louviers on Brandywine Creek. In the five months that elapsed between the election in November and the beginning of the Civil War in April, 1861, many efforts were put forth to resolve this dilemma—how to prevent disunion without coercion, yet not yield on principles.

The very lively campaign in Brandywine and Christiana Hundreds had concluded on November 6 with 617 votes for Lincoln and an aggregate 664 votes for all the other candidates—Breckenridge, the southern Democrat; Douglas, the northern Democrat; and Bell of the Constitutional Union Party.[2] Though a minority

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[1] S. F. du Pont to H. W. Davis, November 16, 1860, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 10, Longwood Library. The author would like to acknowledge the research assistance of Dr. Harold B. Hancock in the preparation of this article.

[2] *Delaware Republican*, November 8, 1860.

winner, Lincoln's victory seems to have been accepted in good grace by most persons who had opposed him in the two districts.

Henry du Pont, a Bell supporter and an elector on the Constitutional Union ticket, believing Lincoln to be a thoroughly honorable man who would conciliate the opposition, was satisfied with the result. On election night he had stayed close by the telegraph in the Du Pont Company office at Eleutherian Mills until 3 A. M. getting the returns as they came over the wires. Now that it was over, he could not bring himself to believe that South Carolina would carry out its threat to secede because Lincoln, a "Black Republican," had been elected. Writing to their son, Henry A., a senior cadet at West Point Academy, his wife said:

> Your father, like all good men, & good patriots, does not believe in the possibility of disunion, & thinks that the dark hints we see in the newspapers are mere sensation articles.[3]

With the majority of northerners, du Pont could not entertain the thought that the union which had existed over seventy-five years could be split apart. There had been other sectional crises, but these had always been settled by compromise. This time, however, the North underestimated the strength of southern nationalism; there could be no more compromise. So, with South Carolina in the van, and President James Buchanan declaiming he was powerless to prevent it, the march of the southern states out of the Union began in December and continued into the new year, to be climaxed in February by the establishment of the Confederacy. The conciliatory words of Lincoln's inaugural address, there need be no violence "unless it be forced upon the national authority," were defiantly drowned out by the thunder of Beauregard's batteries ringing Charleston harbor as they fired on Fort Sumter. Talk and negotiations were ended—war had begun.

[3] Mrs. Henry du Pont to Henry A. du Pont, November 8, 1860, Winterthur Collection II, Henry A. du Pont Papers, Box 100. Ellen du Pont, teen-age sister of Henry A., by no means shared her parents' acceptance of Lincoln: "I think it is miserable that Lincoln's elected—whenever I think of our having such a president, from such a party, it makes me feel like tasting green persimmons does the children. . . . I wish the republicans and abolitionists were in the Atlantic, when we would be at rest." This is in a letter to her brother, November 23, 1860, *ibid.*

News of the attack on Fort Sumter shocked the people of the creekside villages on both banks of the Brandywine from Rockland to Wilmington. Reaction quickly followed with a frenzy of demonstrations, flag raisings, the ringing of bells in mill cupolas, mass meetings in the village schoolhouses, and the organizing of the Home Guards, whose members swore to support the Constitution and to guard against traitors. Mrs. Henry du Pont pictured this bustle and excitement of patriotic fervor for her cadet son:

> Every one, even the wavering ones, have now come warmly in favor of the government & will sustain it if possible. Today there are three American flags floating in the different work shops on the place, put up by the men. Your father & cousins are going to raise the old flag which belongs to the Henry Clay pole.[4]

Farther downstream, in Brandywine Village, the Stars and Stripes were flown from a newly-raised 60-foot pole to the accompaniment of the " Star Spangled Banner " while the bells of the Episcopal Church and the Academy pealed forth.[5] Similar rallies were staged in Wilmington for a number of days; those who might have had secessionist sympathies expressed their opinions less freely.

This apparent neighborhood unanimity in support of the Union led Henry du Pont, head of the Du Pont Company powder mills, to believe there was little likelihood of any immediate threat to their security. In this vein he wrote reassuringly to his cousin, Captain Samuel Francis du Pont:

> Just now there seems to be no necessity for protection here. The Union feeling is intense & the few Secessionists in Wilmington are dumb & powerless. . . . It looks today as though the Potomac would be the dividing line, for I think both Maryland and Delaware will stand firm to the last.[6]

Within a few days, however, arms for the defense of Wilmington and the mill area were sent down from Philadelphia. A delegation headed by Dr. A. H. Grimshaw called on General Robert Patterson in Philadelphia and from him secured 400

[4] Mrs. Henry du Pont to Henry A. du Pont, April, 1861, *ibid.*

[5] *Delaware Republican*, April 18, 1861.

[6] Henry du Pont to S. F. du Pont, April 16, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 7, Box 4.

muskets, 88 of which were assigned for use at the powder mills. Before the weapons arrived, the War Department in Washington had been reminded of the importance of the powder mills to the Union cause:

> I will remark that the gunpowder mills in this neighborhood, of which I am at the head, are of importance to the Government in these times, from their extent and immense facilities of production. They are wholly unprotected, and there is not a musket or rifle in the place; but we have over 300 good men, true and loyal, and if we could get some 200 or 300 stand of arms from Frankford Arsenal and accouterments, we could take care of ourselves for the present, as far as mobs and disaffected persons are concerned. If the arms are to be had, it would be prudent to have them soon.[7]

The muskets, with an additional 100 carbines furnished by Captain S. F. du Pont, were distributed among the Home Guard units at Rockland, Henry Clay, Brandywine Village, and in Wilmington. At Rockland, Jessup and Moore, papermakers, converted a room in one of their mills into a drill hall and hired a drill master to train the local guards. They and other mill proprietors allowed their men an hour off a day, with pay, to learn the manual of arms and the rudiments of military maneuvers. John S. Scarborough, and then Hugh Stirling, captained the Rockland company; Captain Lammot du Pont led the Brandywine Home Guards; Captain Charles I. du Pont the Home Guards; and Captain Christian Febiger the Brandywine Village Guards.[8] The Lyceum, and the Brandywine Manufacturers' Sunday School in the Hagley Yard, were other drill halls. Though use of the Sunday School building was painfully desecrating to several of the du Pont women who had fostered the school since its inception in 1814, they were comforted by the knowledge that the men being trained in it were becoming the protectors of their homes.[9]

The first rumor of trouble came in the third week of April

[7] Henry du Pont to Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, April 19, 1861, *War of the Rebellion*, Series 1, Vol. LI, Part 1, pp. 328-29.

[8] *Delaware Republican*, May 6, 1861; Civil War Papers, Lammot du Pont Papers, Hagley Museum Library.

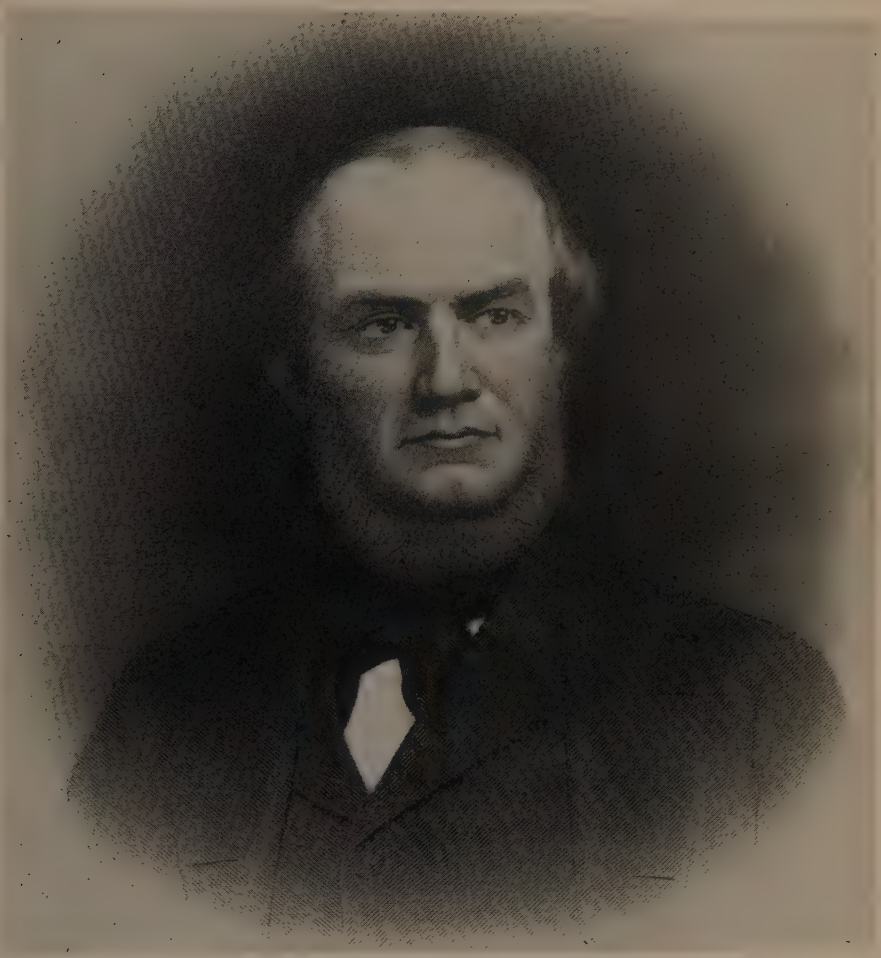
[9] Mrs. S. F. du Pont to Captain S. F. du Pont, April 23, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 105.

BRANDYWINE BANKS

The milling communities of the lower Brandywine are shown in this map from D. G. Beers' *Atlas of the State of Delaware* (Philadelphia: 1868). A number of place names are incorrectly spelled.

THE MILLS AT ROCKLAND

In the paper and textile mills of Jessup and Moore the Rockland Home Guards received their first military training in April, 1861. Photo from *Picturesque America*, William Cullen Bryant, ed. (New York: Appleton Company, 1872), I, 228.



MAJOR GENERAL HENRY DU PONT

Commander of the Delaware militia during the Civil War and head of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, 1850-1889. Photo courtesy of the Hagley Museum.

Rear Admiral Samuel Francis du Pont

Resident of Louviers on the Brandywine, and captor of the southern stronghold of Port Royal, South Carolina, November, 1861. Photo courtesy of the Hagley Museum.

when word reached Henry du Pont that a band of 150 Maryland secessionists was enroute to seize a company magazine on the Delaware River where a large quantity of powder was stored. This was at Edge Moor, a shipping point with wharf and magazine that had been built in the 1840's. Losing no time, Henry du Pont, with his four nephews and some workmen, armed themselves, took seven large wagons, and in the early dawn hours unloaded the magazine and brought all the powder safely to the mills. The anxious womenfolk did not sleep until they had returned.[10]

It may have been just as well no Home Guards went along on this matinal expedition for local opinion of their military prowess was less than praiseworthy. " Our *guards* take so much time to learn their military movements," wrote Mrs. Eleuthera du Pont Smith, " I fear they will not be ready for action under a year of drilling! " [11] One tale going the rounds had it that when Eugene du Pont, a corporal of the guard on night patrol round the mills, went to see if his men were on the alert, one of them, on seeing a dark shape approaching him, dropped his musket and ran off as fast as he could.[12]

A chilling threat of sabotage, no rumor this time, but a curt despatch from General Robert Patterson in Philadelphia warned du Pont that a " known desperado " had gone to Wilmington from Philadelphia intending to blow up the powder works! The message was handed to Henry du Pont a little past midnight on May 1 by Captain William McMullen of the Independent Rangers who had first called on Mayor V. C. Gilpin of Wilmington to warn him of the danger. Alarmed, the mayor sent orders to the Home Guards to hold themselves ready on a moment's notice, and then rode with the Ranger out to the Brandywine. McMullen had been accompanied from Philadelphia by Colonel William B. Mann. Mann made his way to the mills by going out the Lancaster Pike, then turning east and riding across country for the purpose of picking up any suspicious looking persons who could not explain their nocturnal movements.

10 Mrs. S. F. du Pont to H. W. Davis, April 29, 1861, *ibid.*, Box 10.

11 Mrs. Eleuthera Smith to H. A. du Pont, May 9, 1861, *ibid.*, Box 101.

12 Mrs. Louisa du Pont to H. A. du Pont, May 9, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100.

Nothing untoward met his eye and he rode on to meet McMullen and the mayor at Eleutherian Mills.

A thorough search of the mills and yards was carried out at once but everything seemed in good order with no trace of any intruder. The Guard "alert" was called off and the visitors returned to Philadelphia. The scare made for an exciting night and "created considerable commotion among our citizens," reported one local newspaper. The paper called attention to a recent incident when two men in women's apparel had been seen in the powder yards, not long prior to this last alarm. Just the day before, an evil-looking stranger had been driven from the Hagley Yard by workmen flailing him with clubs and yelling, "A spy! A spy!" Eugene and Lammot du Pont had intercepted him, questioned him, but then let him go after deciding he was a harmless vagabond. Cumulatively, all these incidents happening within a few days put everyone on edge. Patrolling of the yards was tightened.[13]

Governor William Burton, suspected by some of having secessionist tendencies, had done nothing about naming a commanding officer of the state militia. Finally, on May 11 he appointed Henry du Pont to the rank of major-general in command of all state forces. Du Pont had attended West Point Academy, receiving his commission of lieutenant of engineers in 1833; his loyalty to the Union was unconditional and had never been questioned.

Du Pont had not solicited the appointment but accepted it as a matter of duty. His first move was to try to disarm certain downstate militia companies whose loyalty to the Union was uncertain; they had avoided or had refused to take the oath to support the Union. Burton initially gave du Pont authority, then rescinded his power to confiscate the arms in possession of the suspected companies. The controversy simmered all through the summer, but du Pont saw to it that new supplies and weapons were assigned only to units of undoubted loyalty.

Finally, in October, on grounds that Delaware soldiers in the field needed the guns, Brigadier-General Henry Lockwood

[13] R. Patterson to H. du Pont, April 30, 1861, Winterthur I, Group 7, Box 5; Mrs. H. du Pont to Henry A. du Pont, May 1, 1861, Winterthur II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100; *Delaware Republican*, May 6, 1861.

of the Second Delaware Regiment had his men seize the arms of companies at Seaford, Gĕorgetown, and Willow Grove. They were then offered to Major-General du Pont for re-distribution. Thus the head of the powder company had two major obligations to fulfill—to unify the military forces of the state behind the Union, and to keep the powder mills running to assure the northern armies and the Union Navy ample supplies of gunpowder. By 1860 du Pont was making about half the total national output of explosives.[14]

Effective protection that would meet the enemy far away from the borders of Delaware was gradually taking shape with the formation of companies of Delaware Volunteers in response to Lincoln's call for 75,000 men to put down the " insurrection." To inspire the 3-month citizen soldiers, a Delaware editor recalled the valorous deeds of Delaware troops in the Revolution by printing this ringing manifesto:

VOLUNTEERS OF DELAWARE!

Let the word be—Forward! Until you see the Stars and Stripes again floating over Sumpter, and every other fort in the harbor, and every housetop in the city of Charleston, let there be no rest to the soles of your feet!

Delaware's honor is in your hands. With half her present population, she kept her regiment in the field for six years of the Revolution.

Can you doubt her ability to do so now?

BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS TO THE FRONT!
FORWARD MARCH![15]

The first few regiments were mustered in during the summer and fall months and sent to several camps for training. Camp Du Pont was near Brandywine Springs and Camp Brandywine

[14] *Delaware Republican*, May 16, 1861. Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, May 12, 1861; Mrs. S. F. du Pont to H. A. du Pont, May 20, 1861; Mrs. Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, May 21, 1861; all in Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100. S. F. du Pont to H. W. Davis, May 19, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 10; *War of the Rebellion*, Series 3, Vol. I, p. 328. Also Brigadier-General H. Lockwood to H. du Pont, October 21, 1861; H. du Pont to General Lockwood, October 24, 1861; H. Lockwood to Governor W. Burton, October 25, 1861; all in Winterthur Collection I, Group 7, Boxes 4 and 5.

[15] Unidentified newspaper clipping, Winterthur Collection II, Box 60.

on the farm of the Wilmington Agricultural Society, in the vicinity of Eleventh and Greenhill Streets. Both names, at different times, were later successively given to a third encampment, created in September, 1862, located on the Kennett Pike near the Buck Tavern, about a mile from the powder yards.

Cavalry units were also formed, one stationed near the Blue Ball Tavern on the Concord Pike. On Independence Day the First Troop, Delaware Light Dragoons, paid Henry du Pont and his family a courtesy call:

> He invited them into the house and gave them some refreshments & afterwards we both went up to the Sand Hole woods to hear your father administer the oath to them & waited to see them drill. It was a pretty sight to look at them galloping through the trees & Willie enjoyed it immensely, not discovering that they were beginners.[16]

Other volunteer companies failed to make as favorable an impression on the local populace in whose midst they were camped. Prematurely adopting a policy of " living off the land," or maybe just supplementing scanty and monotonous rations, the soldiers in Camp Du Pont at Brandywine Springs raided orchards and helped themselves to other farm provender. When the angry farmers protested the thefts the soldiers became abusive. The editor of the *Delaware Republican* verbally rapped their officers across the knuckles, advising them to exert discipline and restrain their men.[17]

Something of a contrast to such Delaware " Cincinnati " were the men of the Second Regiment Delaware Volunteers in Camp Brandywine at the Agricultural Society farm. Though in " a very destitute condition, neither uniformed nor armed—our State having nothing," the Reverend Samuel C. Brinckle who sent some supplies to the camp, thought them " a fine body of men, sober and quiet." [18] No doubt the Reverend Mr. Brinckle enlisted the aid of some Brandywine ladies, for later in the summer

[16] Mrs. Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, July 4, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100. " Willie " was William du Pont, six-year-old brother of Henry Algernon du Pont. The elder brother, recently graduated from West Point and assigned to Washington as a second lieutenant of engineers, was soon promoted to first lieutenant, Fifth U. S. Artillery, and transferred to Harrisburg, Pa.

[17] *Delaware Republican*, July 28, 1861.

[18] Diary of the Reverend Samuel C. Brinckle, June 29, 1861, in *The Life of Alexis Irénée du Pont*, 2 Vols. Allan J. Henry, ed. and comp. (Philadelphia: 1945), II, 160.

the hospital steward at Camp Brandywine thanked Mrs. S. F. du Pont for a gift she had presented to the camp hospital. The nature of the gift is not mentioned.[19]

Clothing, supplies and accoutrements to outfit the men were received by the Second Regiment not long after this because Paulina du Pont, a daughter of Henry du Pont, paid a visit on September 2 and found that " the men all look so nicely & seem well drilled and are all well dressed & have everything—overcoats, etc." [20]

But as October frost and bleak November days came on, the people on the " home front " began to think of the hardships of men in winter encampment in this first year of the war. Lieutenant Henry A. du Pont in camp at Harrisburg was pleased to receive from his father a buffalo robe, a supply of cigars, and some pamphlets. The women of the Brandywine villages got together in homes, churches and public buildings to sew and to knit stockings, gloves, mufflers and sundry other essentials. Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont, widow of the former head of the Du Pont Company, wrote to her son Lammot about the Brandywine " sociables ":

They have started B'wine sociables, to meet every Friday after tea & amuse them even with no refreshments. . . . The women are called upon to make all sorts of things for the soldiers, so the ladies of all kinds met at the Lyceum & started a society. Mary D. P. President & Anne Brinckle & Miss Husbands treasurer. Polly and I are engaged to two societies—one Church and one B'wine, & no time to sew for either! [21]

A box of gloves was warmly received by the men of the First Regiment Delaware Volunteers at Camp Hamilton in Virginia during the early winter months. In his acknowledgment of the welcome gift Captain E. S. Watson of Company A paid high compliment to the Brandywiners in his company:

I have some twenty men from Brandywine and a better set of men as

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[19] John L. Ogden to Mrs. S. F. du Pont, August 19, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 132.

[20] Paulina du Pont to H. A. du Pont, September 3, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100.

[21] Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, October 20, 1861, *ibid.*; Mrs. A. V. du Pont to Lammot du Pont, November 15, 1861, Lammot du Pont Papers.

soldiers never enlisted. Brave, Courageous and Obedient. Always prompt at their duty.[22]

Nine months had turned home guards fearful of dark shadows into this caliber of fighting men.

The " home front " had experienced its share of distress and deprivation. In the uncertainty of the months preceding Lincoln's election and the business ruptures caused by the subsequent secession of the southern states, business men were fearful about expanding, so they bought and sold cautiously only in local markets. Many northern manufacturers and merchants lost their best market when relations with the South were ended. And many also lost hard cash when debts owed them by southern customers were cancelled by Confederate fiat. A primary aim of the southern radicals—as much a cause of secession as the slavery issue—was to end the economic vassalage in which the South believed itself bound to the North. Compounding the mood of fear and sharpening the crisis was the suspension of payments in gold by the banks. The last few months of 1860 were marked by mass unemployment throughout the industrial regions of the North.

In Wilmington and in the factory villages upstream, mills and shops worked part time or shut down entirely. Christmas and New Year were not seasons of good cheer for the families of textile workers, mechanics, carpenters, coopers, tannery workers and others who had received no wages for weeks, or months.

Irénée du Pont, nephew of Henry du Pont, questioned the wisdom of keeping the powder factory operating, though he realized that about 500 men would be added to the unemployed if the factory shut down. His uncle thought the sufferings of the working people were exaggerated; the North had resources that could sustain them. In his opinion conditions were no worse than in 1857, and that depression had been weathered.[23]

Indirectly he was reproved by his sister Sophie (Mrs. S. F. du Pont) for this detached attitude. Many women of the neighborhood had appealed to her for sewing, or any kind of work.

[22] Captain E. S. Watson to Captain Christian Febiger, December 13, 1861, Lammot du Pont Papers.

[23] Mrs. S. F. du Pont to S. F. du Pont, January 12, 16, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 105.

Men long idle, she believed, were growing desperate enough to follow any course of action that promised relief. On a Sunday in early May, 1861, before services in the morning, and continued again after church in the evening, her husband and her brother had long conversations about the prolonged bad times from which there seemed no relief. She expressed her anxious concern in a letter to her nephew, Henry A. du Pont:

> Altho' they [poor business conditions] fall on the powder business yet they are not so fatal to it as to other manufactories, & we are most thankful that they can go on, not only for our personal interest but for the large population they support—the other factories along the creek are all stopped except perhaps a paper mill. Some of them have been stopped since last fall & some of the people have not worked since then. There is a good deal of suffering already, & there must be much more if this unhappy division amongst our people is not settled soon.[24]

The intensifying of the war, made bloodily obvious by the slaughter at the first battle of Bull Run, shocked the North into realizing this was to be no improvised conflict lasting but a few weeks or months. Troops had to be better trained and munitions and other materiel of war had to be acquired in ample abundance with all speed. Government orders were placed for a variety of items with local manufacturers. In June, Gregg and Bowe put 300 men to work on a contract for 72 ambulances; a contract for another 72 was received in July, and a third for 40 more ambulances in November. One hundred baggage wagons were ordered from A. Flaglor & Co., an order that gave work to a large force of wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and carriage makers. Later in the summer a rush order was placed for 700 wagons to be completed within nine weeks. Contracts for 1,200 sets of harness, 10,000 pairs of shoes, and a large number of leather knapsacks, gave the languishing leather business a " shot in the arm." The sail lofts of Birnie and Weaver had extra hands busily at work on 1,000 army tents, and Wright and Allen had a contract to supply poles for the tents.

At their yards on the Christina River, Harlan and Hollingsworth built six vessels during 1861, one being the sidewheeler

[24] Mrs. S. F. du Pont to Henry A. du Pont, May 11, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100.

U. S. S. *Delaware*, first used as a transport at Fortress Monroe. And in 1862-63 the firm constructed three iron monitors for the Union Navy, the *Patapsco*, the *Saugus*, and the *Napa*. Pusey and Jones Company re-fitted a number of vessels, and in the fall of 1861 had a $75,000 contract to equip the wooden sloop of war *Juniata*. Pusey's neighbor, W. and A. Thatcher, built the 172-foot wooden gunboat *Tahoma* for the government. Boats were also ordered from builders near Milford, and the increased demand for lumber, as well as for wheat and other foodstuffs, brightened the economy of lower Delaware. In Newark, Dean and Company, textile manufacturers, received a contract in July for 80,000 yards of woolen cloth and for a large quantity of blankets. Bush and Lobdell Company, manufacturer of car wheels, was rescued from approaching bankruptcy in 1861 by heavy demands for their wheels beginning the following year.[25]

Charles I. du Pont Company, woolen manufacturers, had gone out of business in 1856, but its Louviers mill had been leased to other operators who received orders for 2,000 flannel shirts a week in the summer of 1861. Mrs. S. F. du Pont, who lived nearby, had some of the material brought to her home where, hoping to be of some help, she began cutting out shirts. This chore she found hard work after cutting out 28. Learning that five women were doing this same task at the mill, she gave it up because she did not want to deprive anyone of needed employment, and she felt that her single effort would not aid materially.[26]

A fire in June had done between $40,000 and $50,000 damage to the Henry Clay factory, the present Hagley Museum building, located in the lower Hagley Yard. At the time, Joseph and Richard S. Griffith, who leased the mill from the Du Pont Company, were at work as sub-contractors on a government order for cotton and woolen goods. The fire forced cancellation of the contract, a blow that decided the Griffiths, reflecting the

[25] Quarter-master General Contracts, Record Group No. 92, U. S. Archives, Washington, D. C.; J. Thomas Scharf, *History of Delaware, 1609-1888* (Philadelphia, 1888), I, 345; Bush and Lobdell Company Papers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia).

[26] Mrs. S. F. du Pont to Mrs. C. B. Smith, August 17, 26, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 115.

despair stemming from the Union defeat at Bull Run, against attempting to renew operations until business picked up. Du Pont thought it best to defer re-building for a time, but in September the mill was under repair, and by the early months of 1862 it was in full operation again working on government orders.[27]

The southern states had been a growing market for Du Pont blasting and sporting powder for over fifty years. In most of the principal cities and larger towns the company sold through agents who took powder on consignment and received a commission on sales made from their magazines. War quickly shut off the southern market; no powder was shipped south after the attack on Fort Sumter. Moving swiftly, military and government officials in the Confederate states confiscated the powder in the hands of local Du Pont agents, and seized all the powder found in the magazines and arsenals of the U. S. forts they occupied at the outbreak of the conflict. In balancing accounts at the close of 1861 Du Pont estimated that about 650,000 pounds of its powder had in this manner been acquired for Confederate use. Added to other debts owed it by southern agents, it was calculated that secession had cost the company over $150,000.[28]

The Du Pont powder business in 1860 had been of normal volume, amounting in dollar sales to $752,000. Some powder went to foreign markets, and at home much was used for excavating, quarrying, railroad construction, and for blasting in the Pennsylvania anthracite mines. Before the first order for wartime powder was received, Henry du Pont expressed regret that the war would interfere with normal business operations—he saw little benefit to the company: " The extra demand for powder for war purposes will not equal the regular demand which would have existed had peace continued without extraneous troubles." [29]

[27] *Delaware Republican,* June 24, 1861; J. and R. S. Griffith to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, July 24, 1861, Du Pont Company, Old Stone Office Records, Box 127, Hagley Museum Library, hereafter cited as O. S. O. R.; Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, September 6, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100.

[28] Du Pont Company, Inventory, December 30, 1861, O. S. O. R., Box 486; Mrs. S. F. du Pont to S. F. du Pont, January 15, 1862, Winterthur Collection II, Group 9, Box 105.

[29] E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company to Cabot and Pemberton, May 6, 1861,

In 1859 the company had made its first expansion away from the Brandywine to Wapwallopen, on the east side of the Susquehanna River opposite Berwick, and a short distance downstream from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Manufacturing powder close to the burgeoning mining district gave Du Pont a better competitive position with the numerous other powder producers in the area, for it made possible lower costs and better delivery. Lammot du Pont was responsible for getting the new plant into operation, an assignment that frequently took him away from the Brandywine where he was right-hand man to his Uncle Henry and also captain of one of the home guard units.

It was fortunate the new mill was producing by October, 1860, for early in the month a terrific explosion leveled many of the buildings in the Brandywine Lower Yard, site of the present Experimental Station. One man was killed by a falling wall but all the other workmen escaped injury, and by good fortune a fully loaded magazine did not go up.[30] This was the first of eleven serious explosions occurring between 1860 and 1865 that caused the deaths of 42 men, injuries to many others, and the destruction or heavy damage to over 30 mills.

No real evidence has been found that Confederate agents ever succeeded in damaging the mills, but this does not rule out that possibility. Shattering explosions rarely leave behind any evidential *corpus delicti*. Beginning in the late summer of 1861, when the first wartime order for powder—600,000 pounds—was received, it would appear that under the pressure of an increased production pace human and mechanical failures accounted for the accidents.

Steadily rising prices for raw materials and increased labor costs forced the Du Pont Company to raise the price of powder from 18 to 20 cents a pound in 1861, and to 22 cents in 1862. Monthly wages paid the powder workmen in 1860-1861 ranged between $20 and $24, and these rates rose to range between $28 and $40 a month in 1865. The total value of powder sold during

Bessie G. du Pont Notes. Mrs. Bessie G. du Pont excerpted many notes from Du Pont Company Letter Books, 1858-1902, which were subsequently destroyed. Mrs. du Pont's notes are in Longwood Library.

[30] Mrs. E. du Pont Smith to H. A. du Pont, October 15, 1860, Winterthur Collection I, Box 101.

1861 amounted to $1,007,444, of which $404,405 were sales to the U. S. Navy and the U. S. Ordnance Department.[31]

While one branch of the du Pont family manufactured gunpowder, another directed its effective firing against southern coastal fortifications. Captain S. F. du Pont had been transferred from the Philadelphia Navy Yard in September, 1861, to take command of a squadron designed to seize Confederate strongholds on the south Atlantic coast. When taken these would serve as points of penetration by northern forces and also bases for Union vessels blockading the southern states.

News of the capture of Port Royal, South Carolina, on November 7, by a force commanded by Commodore Samuel Francis du Pont was wildly celebrated by his Brandywine and Wilmington neighbors:

> Hurra, the Navy did it all!
> Hurra for little Delaware!
> du Pont commanded, Gillis was there.
> Hurra! Hurra!
> For the first time in history has a steam marine
> encountered batteries.

These were J. R. Latimer's enthusiastic congratulatory words to J. P. Gillis, another Wilmington Navy man who captained one of the ships in the attacking squadron that reduced Forts Beauregard and Walker, outer bastions defending Port Royal.[32]

At St. Andrew's Sunday School a hymn of thanksgiving was sung followed by a speech praising S. F. du Pont as a Delawarean and as a member of that church. Miss Betsy Montgomery, erstwhile reminiscer of Wilmington, went about bragging that she had taught S. F. du Pont to read as a child. On November 13 a national salute of 21 guns was fired, and then a salute of 100 guns ordered by the Wilmington City Council. The hero's wife was overwhelmed by the flood of congratulatory messages that poured into their home at Louviers. In jubilant spirits she wrote the Commodore, soon to achieve the rank of rear-admiral:

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[31] Du Pont Company, Inventories, December 30, 1860, 1861, 1862, O. S. O. R., Box 486; Petit Ledgers, 1860-1865; "Gunpowder Account," Ledger, 1861, all in Hagley Museum Library.

[32] J. R. Latimer to J. P. Gillis, November 18, 1861, Gillis Folder 2, Historical Society of Delaware, Wilmington; Scharf, *op. cit.*, p. 343.

They fired 100 guns at the keg mill in your honor, & all the population of the valley have been immersed in newspapers ever since. Rev'd Crystal informed Eleu today, that while being operated on by Mr. Garrett, the latter had given him a graphic description of *your* coolness during the bombardment, received in a letter from the *Wabash* to some one in Wilmington. James Connolly gave me an *intense* shake of hands yesterday, & did the same to Eleu, exclaiming, " Oh, Mrs. Smith! isn't it *good* news of the Captain! " Old Lynch requests a special message to you. John Tanner has been quite rejuvenated. Altogether little Delaware feels herself quite expanded, & is *moved* accordingly.[33]

To some of his more ardent local admirers the Commodore's glorious achievement may have signalized the beginning of the South's capitulation. Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont expressed her optimism a little more reservedly:

Perhaps this is the beginning of our victories. Some are so elated that they talk of our getting possession of Savannah, Charleston & New Orleans before New Year's! Altogether everybody is in grand spirits & the Capt. in such favor that Charles said, " Who knows but he may be President yet! " [34]

In the weeks that followed, a number of public meetings were held to express the admiration of the Wilmington-Brandywine community for Commodore du Pont's leadership and skill. One such gathering in District Schoolhouse No. 8, on December 5 adopted a vote of thanks that read:

This successful naval achievement has never been excelled, if equalled, in the history of the civilized world, and while we rejoice at this truly gratifying success we feel proud to know that he who planned and executed this noble work was one of our citizens, one whom we for years have been personally acquainted with.[35]

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[33] Scharf, *ibid.*; Mrs. S. F. du Pont to S. F. du Pont, November 18, 1861, Winterthur Collection I, Group 9, Box 105.

[34] Mrs. A. V. du Pont to Lammot du Pont, November 15, 1861, Lammot du Pont Papers. " Charles " was probably Charles I. du Pont II (1830-1873), nephew of Captain S. F. du Pont.

[35] *Delaware Gazette*, December 17, 1861. The Commodore's Brandywine neighbors may be pardoned for overlooking the seamanship of the English sailors who defeated the Armada, and Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. A fund was started, to which no member of the du Pont family was allowed to contribute, to purchase a ceremonial sword for Rear-Admiral du Pont. It was presented to him in the spring of 1862. More recently it has been given to the Hagley Museum by Nicholas R. du Pont.

The mood of victory was darkened mid-morning, Wednesday, November 20, when a violent explosion in the Upper Yard hurled smoke and flaming debris into the heavens. With a thunderous concussion that shattered windows, tore plaster loose, and ripped doors from their hinges, four mills by the creek side blew up one after the other. Three men were killed and a number cut and bruised; damages to du Pont homes on both sides of the stream, and to workmen's homes in the Upper Banks, Louviers, Chicken Alley and Duck Street, were considerable. The disaster was likened to those of 1847 and 1818 by older persons of the neighborhood. Henry du Pont said the cause was unknown, but it had occurred

> at a very bad time both on account of the season & the larger orders we have now received, one from the Navy that morning for 5000 barrels. . . . The men have behaved very well; none of the powdermen have quit & things are moving on smoothly. . . . It is very discouraging, just when everything is getting in good working order to have these awful backsetts.

His wife was thankful that no more lives had been lost—" I feel as though I could say all day long ' Bless the Lord, Oh my soul & forget not all his benefits! ' " And as Mrs. S. F. du Pont crossed the creek and passed through the Upper Yard on a Saturday in December, noticing the speed with which her brother Henry and his nephews had re-built the damaged mills, she was moved to exclaim: " There is certainly a dauntless energy in the du Pont blood that ought to make its mark! " [36]

[36] Henry du Pont to Lammot du Pont, November 25, 1861, Lammot du Pont Papers; Mrs. Henry du Pont to H. A. du Pont, November 23, 1861, Winterthur Collection II, H. A. du Pont Papers, Box 100; Mrs. S. F. du Pont to S. F. du Pont, December 8, 1861, Winterthur I, Group 9, Box 105.

Names and Places in an Unrecorded Delaware Indian Deed, (1681)

By A. R. Dunlap and C. A. Weslager *

I.

In a monograph published in 1941, Leon deValinger, Jr., enumerated a series of land sales in the state of Delaware made by the Indians to white men from 1631 to 1726.[1] Since the appearance of this account, additional data relating to Indian land sales have come to light, as follows: (a) a contemporary English translation of a Dutch document dated June 1, 1629, recording the purchase of Indian-owned land at Swanendale by Gillis Hossit; [2] (b) two documents, dated respectively July 13, 1651, and July 16, 1651, relating to the sale of land at New Castle by the Indian owners; [3] and (c) a contemporary English translation of a Dutch document dated June 7, 1659, recording the purchase from the natives of land between Cape Henlopen and Bombay Hook.[4]

During the fall of 1959, the Historical Society of Delaware came into possession of an original, unrecorded document covering the sale of land near Wilmington by the Indian owners to a white buyer. The donor, Robert H. Reakirt, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is not certain how the document fell into his hands, but

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1 Leon deValinger, Jr., *Indian Land Sales in Delaware* (Wilmington: the Archaeological Society of Delaware, 1941).

2 A. R. Dunlap, "Dutch and Swedish Land Records Relating to Delaware," *Delaware History*, VI, 27-28.

3 *Ibid.*, pp. 28-30.

4 C. A. Weslager, "The Indians of Lewes, Delaware and an unpublished Indian deed dated June 7, 1659," Archaeological Society of Delaware *Bulletin*, IV: 5 (January, 1949), 10-11.

he believes that, together with other manuscripts, it was acquired by either the parents, grańdparents, or great-grandparents of his grandmother, whose maiden name was Loretta Louisa Bodman.[5]

Shortly after its receipt by the Historical Society of Delaware, the document was examined by a Philadelphia appraiser and described, in part, as follows: ". . . written on both sides of a folio sheet of paper, slightly torn in the middle, but preserved and in good condition between two pieces of glass passepartouted with a green edge and inserted in a wide gold frame." [6] To this the writers might add that the paper bears an ornate watermark, not readily identifiable, but of a type characteristic of early writing paper; that the paper has aged; and that the phraseology, spelling, Indian place-names, marks and names of the Indian sellers, and signatures of the official witnesses leave no doubt of the genuineness of the instrument.

What now follows is a faithful transcription of the Reakirt deed:

Wee undernamed, Alom, Lilicherim, Towies, Lalebachkinna, Oppickhocken, Sickao, Sickalane, and Oserenemoy for ourselves and for Conockele, Talickhan, and Petkussink, being all of us the natural owners and Indian proprietors of the land lying in the brandewyns faalls in Cristina Creeke do hereby declare to have bargained, sould, and made over and do by these presents for ourselves and our heirs and assignes bargaine, sell, and make over unto Hans Petersen Patascus; a certaine peece of land lying and being betweene, the creeke called Sitakonck and the creeke called Kitthantemessink beginning at a small branch which runs out of Sitakonk Creeke and so up along the said Sitakonck or brandewyn Creeke as farr as another small run called alapockos run and from thence over to another run which belong[s] to Kitthantemessink or the Schilpats kill and so downe the said run as far as opposite to the first place of beginning; togeather with all our right and interest in the trees, stones, grasse and all other privilidges and benefitts of hunting, fishing, and fowling, thereunto belonging or in any ways appurtaining; to have and to hold the said land and premisses with all and singular the appurtenances unto the said hans Petersz his heirs and assignes forever; and we do hereby declare and acknowledge to have received full sattisfaction and content of the said Hans petersz by twoo halfe anckers of licquor and twoo

[5] Letter, March 16, 1960, Mr. Reakirt to C. A. Weslager.

[6] Letter, November 13, 1959, Mabel A. Zahn (of Charles Sessler, Inc., 1308 Walnut St., Philadelphia) to the Historical Society of Delaware.

matscoats, to us in hand deliver[e]d, witnesse our hands at New Castle this 5th day of may, 1681.

A small map is on the othersyde hereof by the Indians directions made and the trees are by them marked upon the land;

The marke of
Towies

This is the marke
made by Lilicherim

This is the
marke of Alom,
an Indian sachem,
mad[e] by himselfe

Turne over

This is the marke
made by Lalebackinna

The marke made
by Sickao

The marke of
Petkussink

The marke of
oppickhockan

The marke of
Sickalanne

Wee underwritten were wittnesses present at the interpreting, writing, and signing of the bargaine, etc.

Eph. Herman.
J. d haes

The marke of
oserenemoy

Figure 1 shows the area included in the purchase superimposed on a recent map. Figure 2, a copy of the roughly sketched map appearing on the back of the Reakirt deed, has the same area marked off by a stippled line. The sizable tract between the lower reaches of the Shellpot and the part of the stippled line indicating the lower boundary of the purchase, was, in 1681, owned in part by Jacob Vandever.[7] Other parts, located at the place referred to as Indian (or Wilde) Hook,[8] had been confirmed to Andries Matsen and to Hans Petersen in 1668, thirteen years before. Thus, at the time of his Indian purchase,

[7] *Duke of York Record* (Wilmington, 1903), pp. 156-57; cf. New Castle Land Surveys, p. 527.

[8] Cf. A. R. Dunlap and C. A. Weslager, *Indian Place-Names in Delaware* (Wilmington, 1950), p. 20; A. R. Dunlap, *Dutch and Swedish Place-Names in Delaware* (Newark, 1956), p. 59.

FIGURE 1: PETERSEN PURCHASE

Stippled area indicates approximate location of land purchased from the Indians by Hans Petersen in 1681. Map traced from D. G. Beers' *Atlas of the State of Delaware* (Philadelphia; 1868).

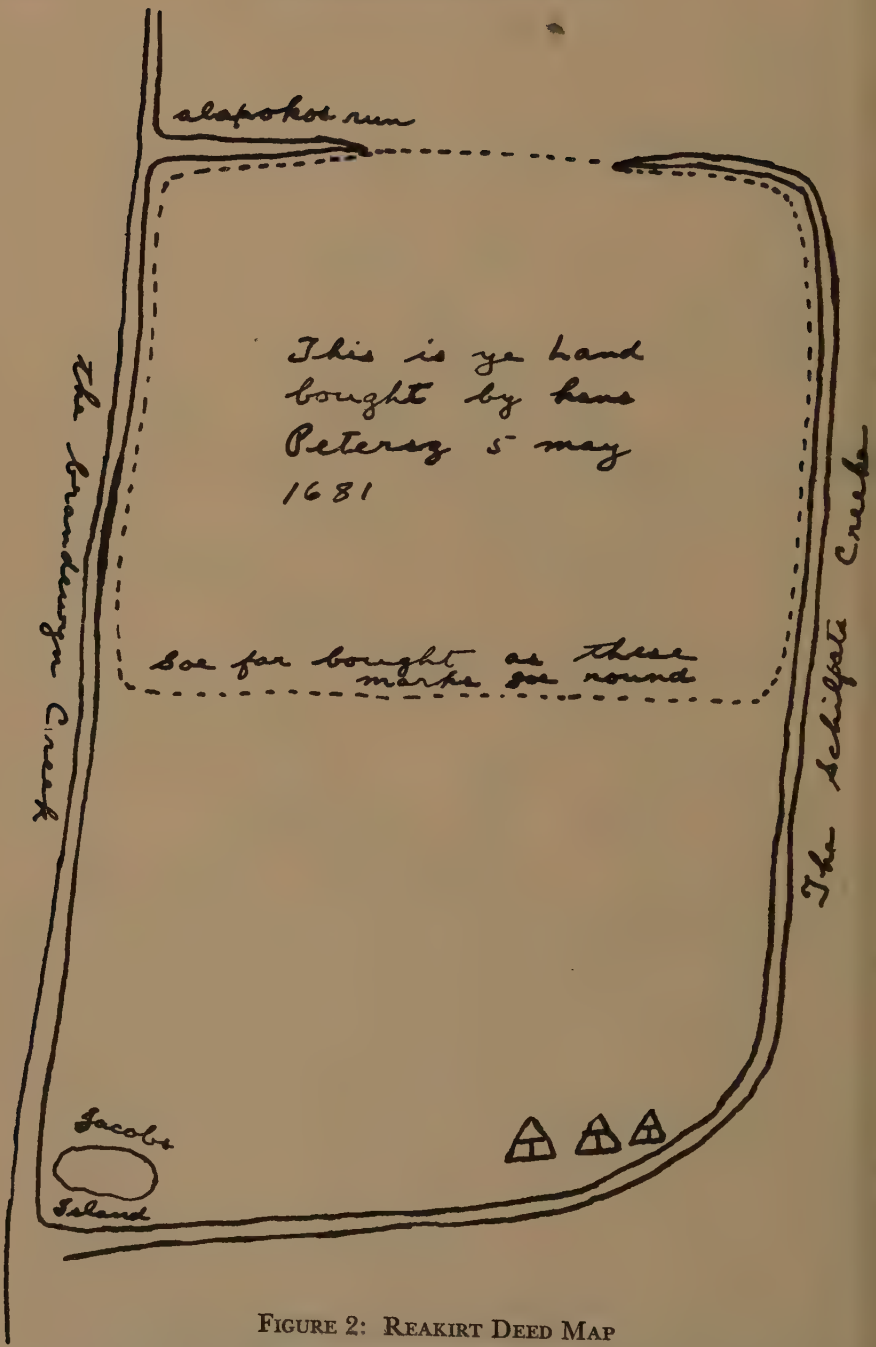

FIGURE 2: REAKIRT DEED MAP

Map appearing on reverse side of the 1681 deed from the Indians to Hans Petersen; triangular figures at bottom right are evidently Indian wigwams. Cf. with Figure 1.

Petersen owned a major portion of the tract, half of the Matsen property having by then come into his hands.[9]

But this was by no means the full extent of Petersen's land buying in the vicinity of Shellpot Creek. Evidence of this may be found in the two following documents, which relate to his purchase, with others, in 1680, of land for a mill: [10]

(1) October 23, 1680:—Laid out for Peter Dewitt[,] Hendrik Lemmons[,] Hans Peterson and the rest of their company a tract of land called the mill Land of Schilpatts Creeke scituate and being on the west side of Dellowar and on both sides of the said creek—beginning at a corner marked white oak standing on the western side of the said [*sic*] from thence NW 6 N by a line of marked trees, 102 perches to a corner marked white oak standing by the side of a small run, from thence down by the said run across Schilpats Creeke, E N E cours 143 perches to a corner marked black oak standing in the line of virdrity hookes [Verdrietige Hoeck] land, from thence south by their line of marked trees 71 perches to a corner marked white oak standing in the said line—from thence south west by a line of marked trees 86 perches to a corner marked black oak, standing by the east side of Schilpats Creeke side containing seventy and eight acres of land. It was surveyed the 23d day of October 1680.

which attests
78 acres Eph. Herman,
(See Figure 3.) Surv. Generl.

(2) 1680. First water power mill on Skilpats Kill:— [11] The names of the persons concerned in the within survey of the mill land, surveyed according to patent, viz:

Lucas Peterson sold to Hans Petersn	one share
Samuell Peters sold to idem	one share
Aertman Heyn sold to idem	one share

---

[9] *Duke of York Record*, pp. 135, 136, 164; *New Castle Court Records* (Lancaster, 1904), I, 512-13; New Castle County Deed Book A-1, pp. 32, 113.

[10] Cf. *New Castle Court Records*, I, 508, as well as a manuscript in the HSD by Jacob B. Vandever dated April 12, 1866.

[11] The Jacob B. Vandever manuscript referred to in *n.* 10 above also states that this mill, owned jointly by twelve persons when originally built, was the *first* mill on the Shellpot; but this is incorrect. There is evidence that an earlier mill, the first water-powered mill in the state of Delaware, also a joint concern, was built on the Shellpot in 1662; see C. A. Weslager, *The Richardsons of Delaware* (Wilmington, 1957), pp. 16-17; and cf. Amandus Johnson, *Swedish Settlements on the Delaware* (New York, 1911), II, 666.

Peter Hendrix sold to idem	one share
Justa Poulsen sold to idem	one share
Doct. Tymen Stiddem	one share
John Staalcop	one share
Maria Blocq	one share
Peter Maesland	one share

The above nine shares & the 3 shares within mentioned make in all twelves shares wherein the said mill was & is divided as parties declare.

The above mentioned persons are or have been confirmed in the within mill & land, which was surveyed by my Deputy Surv. Rich. Noble upon the request of the partees—according to patent which I attest—

Eph. Herman
formerly Surv. Generll.

These documents were recently discovered among the Vandever papers held by Miss Mary E. Heindle of Wilmington, and are now published, with her permission, for the first time.[12]

The Reakirt deed exhausted the Indians' rights to the land between the Brandywine and the Shellpot (west to east) and between " a small branch " (afterwards called Elliott Run) and Alapocas Run (south to north). So far as the Indian owners were concerned, Hans Petersen had clear title to this property for all time. But, in 1690, when he tried to build a mill on the Brandywine, he ran afoul of William Penn's Commissioners of Property. The site Petersen selected was opposite the mill of Cornelius Empson, who protested to the Commissioners and asked that " if Hans Peterson will build a Mill . . . he might be ordered to build it Either above or below the said Dam [Empson's]; that the water of the Creek may be Servisable to both of them." [13]

The decision of the Commissioners, which we quote in full, showed Petersen that the Proprietary's water rights were to be protected at all costs:

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[12] For other nearby lands acquired by Petersen, see *New Castle Court Records*, I, 506-07; New Castle Land Surveys, p. 443. See also an article describing Petersen's activities along the Shellpot, by Charles M. Allmond, published in the Wilmington *Journal-Every Evening*, March 1, 1960.

[13] *Pennsylvania Archives*, 2nd series, XIX, 49.

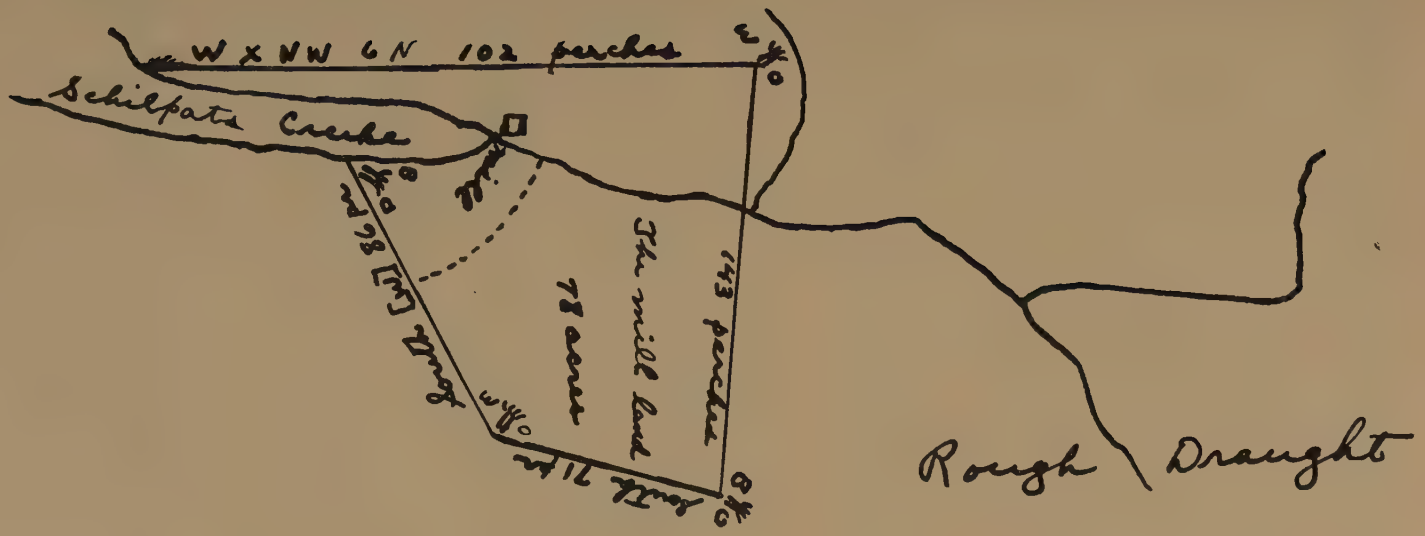

FIGURE 3: MILL LAND PURCHASE

This sketch is traced from the manuscript of the Oct. 23, 1680 Heindle document. It shows the location of the 78 acres of mill land as well as specific location of the mill.

Where as we are given to understand that Hans Peterson is about to build a Mill on Brandywine Creek not only to the Dammage of a Mill already there Built, But an Incroachment upon the Proprietary's Prerogative or Privelege the whole right and property of the water of the said Creek being in him. Wee Doe therefore, in the Proprietary's name, will and Require thee, Hans Peterson, not to Erect, build or Sett up any mill on the said Creek nor by any means whatsoever Draw the water of the said Creek out of its true and Natural Channell it now runs in or Inlarge the same without leave first obtained from the Proprietary, his Agents or Commis'rs as thou Wilt answer the Contrary at thy Perrill.[14]

If one of Petersen's objectives in acquiring the land from the Indians was to build a mill on the Brandywine it was not realized, for we hear of no further attempt on his part to do so after this strong warning. He did, however, succeed in getting title to 300 acres " in Consideration of the Indian Purch's." In other words, the Commissioners gave him another piece of property to nullify his claims to the land described in the Reakirt deed.[15]

II.

The Lenape name for Shellpot Creek, Kitthantemessink, appears in the Reakirt deed for the first time. It may be analyzed as kitthante " large stream " and messink " at the scattered stones." [16] This interpretation accords with an Indian practice of naming a stream at a point of contact along its course, e. g., at a ford, a confluence, etc., rather than applying a name to a stream as a whole—although the name usually came to be employed, in time, in a broader sense.

The other Indian names for creeks in this deed, i. e., Alapockos (now Alapocas) and Sitakonck (a Lenape name for the Brandywine), we have discussed elsewhere.[17] Unlike Kitthantemessink, neither yields readily to interpretation.

Not all of the geographical names in the deed, however, are

[14] *Ibid.*

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 538; New Castle Land Surveys, pp. 443-44.

[16] D. G. Brinton, *A Lenape-English Dictionary* (Philadelphia, 1889), pp. 54, 85; and cf. *ibid.*, p. 33. Note, in the first part of the name, i. e., in *kithanne*, the interchange of [n] and [t], to be explained here, perhaps, as dissimilation in a series of nasal sounds *nn. .m.*

[17] *Indian Place-Names in Delaware*, pp. 8, 39.

Indian in origin. Non-Indian names of creeks are Brandewyn,[18] Cristina, and Schilpat: the first is probably Dutch; the other two are Swedish.[19] In addition, there appears on the rough drawing on the reverse side of the deed (see Figure 2) the Dutch name Jacobs Island, a variant of (Jacob) Vandevers Island.[20]

As for the personal names, of the eleven Indian signatories (by their marks) to the deed, three of them, Towies, Canockele, and Alom, are familiar, having participated, in 1680, in another sale of land in New Castle County to a white buyer.[21] Indian personal names, as a rule, had particular meaning or significance, but the only one of the eleven we can readily translate is Alom, apparently a form of the well-known Algonkian word *allum*, meaning "dog."

The three non-Indian personal names are Hans Petersen, Eph: Herman, and J. d haes, the last two being official signatures. Herman's signature appears on the deed as a result of his function as surveyor, a post to which he was appointed in 1680.[22] The other signer, Johannes d'Haes, was an interpreter in negotiations with the Indians,[23] and a justice of the peace in the jurisdiction of New Castle. His official appointment as justice of the peace is dated 1678.[24]

The first time the name of Hans Petersen appears in the deed, the word *Patascus* is added. This word is twice associated with Petersen's name in the New Castle court records, as follows:

[18] The deed also includes the phrase "land lying in the brandewyns faalls." The principal falls of the Brandywine are not far above the present Market Street bridge. (For the Swedish names, see "Fiskiekijlsfallet" and "Stoore Fallet" in *Dutch and Swedish Place-Names in Delaware*, pp. 27, 53.) The term "falls," however, as used in context here, probably refers to lesser waterfalls (or rapids) a short distance above the principal falls.

[19] *Dutch and Swedish Place-Names in Delaware*, pp. 19-21, 23-24, 50-51.

[20] *Ibid.*, p. 57; cf. "Cuypers Ejlent" (*ibid.*, p. 25), "Timberöen," (*ibid.*, p. 56), and "Manathaan" (*Indian Place-Names in Delaware*, pp. 23-24). This island no longer exists, the low-lying areas around it having long since been filled in.

[21] Deed to John Moll, July 10, 1680, Historical Society of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia), Manuscript Room. In the Moll deed, Canockele is given as Kanockere (the Lenape liquid sound being recorded here as "r"). The name also appears as Kunnuckle; see *New Castle Court Records*, I, 463.

[22] *New Castle Court Records*, I, 436.

[23] His name appears as interpreter in a deed dated May 4, 1679, from the chief Mehocksett to Peter Bayard. The deed is owned by James A. Bayard, Greenville, Delaware.

[24] *New Castle Court Records*, I, 240.

"Hans Petersen (alias) Patascus" (1677/78),[25] and "Hans Petersen Patascus" (1679/80).[26] It is clear from the first of these entries that Patascus was an alias. In other words, Hans was identified, in the period 1677-1680, both by the patronymic Petersen and by the alternative name Patascus. Such practice was not unusual at the time of transition from a patronymic system of name-giving to a system of fixed surnames. Sometimes, as here, the patronymic became the family name. In other cases the alternative name took root and the patronymic disappeared; a well-known example is the name Johan Andersson Stålkofta,[27] or Stalcop. The alternative name Stålkofta may be readily enough translated as "steel-coat," [28] but Patascus, in the light of our present knowledge, is not easily explained. It is to be hoped that a precise clue to the meaning of this unusual name will one day be found.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 199.
[26] *Ibid.*, p. 391.
[27] Johnson, *Swedish Settlements on the Delaware*, II, 503.
[28] Cf. *ibid.*, p. 717.

News Notes and Book Reports

VISITORS to the Old Town Hall these days are looking at an unusually representative exhibit of silver made by Delaware craftsmen. Much of this belongs to the Society. Forty years ago Mrs. Thomas S. (Maria Whitney) Bellah bequeathed to the Society a teapot and sugar bowl by Bancroft Woodcock (who worked in Delaware as early as 1754) and six teaspoons by Thomas Byrnes (working about 1793) with bird and branch on the back of the bowl. From this start our collection has grown over the years. Important additions were made in 1947 when thirty-four marked pieces by fifteen early Delaware silversmiths were bought through the good offices of Mr. David H. Stockwell, a member of the Museum Committee. Since then there have been other gifts and purchases. Recently we have added through purchase two Joseph Draper teaspoons; a James Guthre teaspoon, dessert spoon and tablespoon; a Thomas McConnell creamer and sugar bowl; and a General James Wolf dessert spoon and tablespoon.

What makes the current exhibit particularly impressive is the presence of two very fine silver services, each one loaned for an indefinite period. One is the Wolf-Kendall service made for Louis and Christina Stone of Christiana Village. The coffee pot has the maker's mark, J. Wolf, in rectangle, and the teapot, hot-water pot, and waste bowl the mark of G. J. Wolf in ribbon, while the sugar bowl bears the J. Kendall mark. All five pieces have the initial S engraved in script on a shield hanging in a wreath of wheat. This service came down through the family of Mrs. Horace A. Beale, Jr., a great-great-granddaughter of Louis and Christina Stone, and is exhibited through the courtesy of Mrs. Beale. Two other pieces which have come down through the family of Mrs. Beale are on loan by Mr. Charles G. Dorman. They are a ladle by James Kendall and a very fine creamer by Eliakim Garretson.

Also on loan is a five-piece service which bears the mark of John Le Telier, who advertised in the Delaware Gazette in 1793 and had worked as a silversmith in Philadelphia prior to that date. This service, while not a matched set, was all made by Le Telier, and each piece is inscribed with the initials TMK for Thomas and Mary Kean. It came into the possession of Mrs. David W. Maull (Mary Kean Buck) when she was a small child, from Mary Kean, after whom she had been named. It is now owned by a daughter of Mrs. Maull, Miss Mary B. Maull, who placed it in the Old Town Hall.

The Society is indeed fortunate to be able to exhibit this silver made by Delaware silversmiths. We are grateful to the owners for their willing-

ness to share the work of these Delaware craftsmen with our visiting public.

Another century-old record has been placed on our touch table where it can be handled by visitors to the museum. This time it is a bound volume of *Harper's Weekly* for 1861. Some leaf through it casually while others linger for a more careful examination. One day a thinly-clad young man, who looked as if he had come in to escape the bitter cold outside, stopped at the touch table. A staff member invited him to pull up a chair and he did so, and spent several hours looking at this fascinating illustrated magazine of a hundred years ago.

This volume of *Harper's* shows pictures of Zouaves, with their dashing uniforms and precision drill. So we brought out an oil painting by Martelli entitled "The Zouaves," which had belonged to Mrs. Samuel McClary and was presented to the Society by Miss Irena Curry Jones, and built around it a small exhibit pointing out the features of dress and drill which distinguished the Zouave groups, first formed by Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth. Thereafter various other Zouave units were organized and fought in both the Confederate and the Union armies.

Interest in Civil War uniforms has raised the question of the extent to which the Zouave uniform was worn by Delaware troops. The Rev. Thomas G. Murphey, chaplain of the First Delaware Regiment, writes in his *Four Years in the War* (page 79):

> Captain Watson was commander of Company A, and his position was on the right in the battle [Antietam, September 17, 1862]. His company wore the Zouave uniform and were always conspicuous, and, it is supposed that, on the day of the battle, they attracted the especial attention of the enemy, for they suffered, in numbers more heavily than other companies. They were regarded by the commanding officer of the Regiment as among the best drilled in the service.

We have a letter of Lieutenant Richard H. Webb to Samuel Bancroft, September 27, 1863, in which Webb says: "Our Regt. [the Fourth] has dropped the Zouave and adopted the full dress coat of the army." These are the only references to Delaware Zouaves which we have in our card file. Do any of our readers have others?

A Charles Canby (1792-1883) tall-case clock, acquired by purchase from Miss Dorothy Pyle, is set up in the first floor museum, with a small exhibit of other Canby mementoes to accompany it. The case of the clock is of mahogany, fairly simple in design. The face is of iron, painted with hour, minute, and second hands, and a mechanism to indicate days of the month. The name "New Holland" on the continent now called Australia indicates that the clock may have been made before 1817. On display near the clock are a watch with Canby's watch paper inside

the case, his listings in the Wilmington directories of 1814 and 1845, a few of his business papers, his photograph, and silhouettes of Milton and Rachel Carter Conard, the original owners of the clock, which remained in the possession of their descendants until it came to the Society. The Society has been fortunate over the years in acquiring Delaware-made clocks, including one or more specimens of the work of Duncan Beard, George and Thomas Crow, George Jones, Samuel McClary, and S. B. West. Probably our oldest clock is one by the London maker, W. Tomlinson, which had been in the Ferris family for generations before it came to the Society. It has only the hour hand.

Among our recent acquisitions is *A Sermon Preached before the Reverend Presbytery of New Castle* by the Rev. Samuel Davies in 1752. This rare 38-page pamphlet bears the imprint of B. Franklin and D. Hall, Philadelphia, 1753. It is a gift of the Hon. Edwin D. Steel, Jr., a director of the Society. Samuel Davies was a native of Delaware and an outstanding colonial preacher. He was president of Princeton when he died in 1761 at the early age of thirty-seven.

The new acquisition was put on display together with two other scarce Davies items, and illustrative material concerning this famous Presbyterian divine. His sermon, *The Curse of Cowardice*, 1758, was presented to our library in 1955 by Dr. John W. Christie, president of the Society, who also loaned us, for this occasion, a pamphlet containing five letters written by Davies between 1755 and 1757.

Among the Delawareana lacking in our library is Elizabeth Booth's *Reminiscences of New Castle*, 1884. Would some generous member or friend give us a copy? We also need volumes 5 through 14 of the *Laws of Delaware*. We have the pamphlet laws covering this period but lack the bound volumes with their separate title pages. And may we remind our readers again? If you plan to discard back issues of *Delaware History* at any time, please turn them over to us. We have constant need of them to fill in gaps for members (especially libraries) who wish to complete their files of the magazine.

Recent Publications of Delaware Interest

Accessions, 1960, by the Winterthur Corporation. . . . 59 pp., illus., $2.50.

Baldwin, William C., ed. *Historic Brandywine Guide Book* (West Chester, Pa.: Bradford Village Press, 1960), 72 pp. including advertising, illus. 50 cents. Accompanied by *Historic Brandywine Guide Map*, illus., contains articles "The Battle of the Brandywine," by William M. Scheffey, "Tour Guide of Chester County Covered Bridges," by Roy R. Fuller, and "The Mills on the Brandywine," by Norman B. Wilkinson.

Carey, Alfred B., comp. *The Civil War Record of the Four Carey*

Brothers of Indian River Hundred . . . Also Civil War Record of William Hopkins and His Son Joseph Henry Hopkins and Aaron March and Alfred P. Pepper, [and] *The War of 1812-1814 Record of Woolsey B. Carey, Sr.* (Lansdowne, Pa.: the compiler, 1960). 29 pp., mimeo.

Caulk, Elizabeth T. *Some Common Birds of Delaware* (Dover: Delaware Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, 1960). 64 pp., illus. Free from the publisher. Information about 60 of our common birds, each illustrated in color.

Coleman, Earle E. "The Exhibition in the Palace: a Bibliographical Essay," *Bulletin of the New York Public Library,* LXIV, No. 9 (September, 1960), 459-77, illus., facs. Samuel Francis du Pont was one of two naval officers appointed to supervise the mounting of the exhibition in New York's Crystal Palace, 1853. Mrs. du Pont saved for posterity a rough MS. draft (now in the Longwood papers) of the "choral," written by William Cullen Bryant, which was sung at the exercises opening the Exhibition.

Dateline Delaware, I, No. 1 (May-June, 1960). 48 pp., illus., bimonthly, 35¢ or $3.50 for 12 issues, Dateline Publications, Inc., 12th and Jefferson Sts., Wilmington. A new publishing venture, edited by William Czygan. This and the four other issues which have appeared thus far include a wide variety of illustrated articles on subjects of historical interest as well as current discussion, and regular departments on art, theater, books, sports, "Shoppers Guide," et cetera.

deValinger, Leon, Jr., comp. Civil War Centennial Commission, State of Delaware, *News Bulletin,* I, No. 1 (December, 1960). 8 pp., mimeo.

deValinger, Leon, Jr., comp. *European Influences as Evidenced in Today's Delaware* (Dover: Delaware State Development Department, 1960). 6 pp., illus.

Downs, Donald Van Lear, comp. "The Moors of Delaware" (unpublished paper, 1960). 4 pp. Copy in the Delaware State Archives, Dover.

Dutton, William S. *One Thousand Years of Explosives . . .* (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co., 1960). 183 pp.

Engelman, Fred L. "The Peace of Christmas Eve," *American Heritage* (December, 1960), pp. 28-31, 82-88, illus. Concerns the making of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812. Senator James A. Bayard of Delaware was one of the five American commissioners.

Ezell, John Samuel. *Fortune's Merry Wheel: the Lottery in America* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960). 331 pp., illus. $6.75. See index for references to Delaware. "By the time of the Civil War," says the author, "legal lotteries existed only in Delaware and Kentucky." Ezell's bibliography includes Jane Garrett's article on

the Delaware College lotteries which was published in the September 1957 issue of this magazine. Both writers seem to have overlooked Leon deValinger's "When Lotteries Financed Delaware College," in the *University of Delaware Alumni News* for June, 1932. Aside from the college phase, the lottery in Delaware is still an unexplored field for the historian.

Fisher, Sidney George. "Diary at Mount Harmon, June, 1937." A typed excerpt from a longer document. Copy at the Delaware State Archives.

Fulton, Cecil C., Jr. "Early History and Origin of Rehoboth Beach," *Delaware Coast Press* (Rehoboth, Del.: September 1, 8 and 15, 1960).

Gray, Ralph D. "Philadelphia and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 1769-1823," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, LXXXIV, No. 4 (October, 1960), 401-23.

Greenewalt, Crawford H. *Hummingbirds* (New York: Doubleday & Co. for the American Museum of Natural History). xxi + 250 pp., illus. $22.50. Photographs by Mr. Greenewalt taken in his own back yard in Greenville, Delaware, and other parts of North and South America, with accompanying text. A beautiful example of book making and a technical achievement of the highest order in color photography. See also "Hummingbirder," *New Yorker*, XXXVI, No. 43 (December 10, 1960), 44-45.

Gummere, Richard M. "John Dickinson, The Classical Penman of the Revolution," *Classical Journal*, LII, No. 2 (November, 1960), 81-88.

Hancock, Harold Bell. "Grant No. 2323. . . . A Survey of Delaware records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the British Isles." Reprinted from *Year Book of the American Philosophical Society, 1959*, pp. 365-67. Professor Hancock found and microfilmed "a great deal of new material," which is described briefly in this report.

Hancock, Harold Bell. "John Ferdinand Dalziel Smyth: Loyalist," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, LV, No. 4 (December, 1960), 346-58. Refers to material on Delaware Loyalists in Smyth's book, *A Tour in the United States of America*, 2 vols. (London: 1784). (The Historical Society does not have this work). As Dr. Hancock describes him, Smyth seems to have been a brave fighter for the King and a congenital liar.

Heacock, Walter J. "Should Historical Agencies Have Training Programs?" *History News*, XVI, No. 2 (American Association for State and Local History, December, 1960), 26-28. About the Hagley Museum program.

"Honoring Richard M. Nixon, Vice President of the United States," *Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine*, XCIV (October,

1960), 641. Portrait with text. He is the great-great-great-grandson of Lt. George Nixon, Sr., officer in the Revolution from Wilmington, 1776-1778.

Huff, Mrs. D. J., comp. "The Descendants of Immigrant John Jones of Delaware and Related Families: Corrections and Addenda" (unpublished paper, 1960). 13 pp. Copy in the Delaware State Archives.

Hunter, William A. *Forts on the Pennsylvania Frontier, 1753-1758* (Harrisburg: Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, 1960). 596 pp., illus., maps. $5.00. A detailed study, fully documented, interesting, and authoritative. The Delaware Indian and early Quaker background is sketched briefly, pp. 3-5.

Interim Report, State Highway Department Investigation (Dover: Office of the Attorney General, 1960). 80 pp., 61 pp., mimeo. The "Bove Report."

Jones, Daisy (Marvel). "A Brief History of the Marvel Family" (unpublished paper, 1960). 13 pp. Copy in the Delaware State Archives.

Kilpatrick, E. W. and committee, comps. *Historical Highlights 1924-1959, Association of Highway Officials of the North Atlantic States* (Association of Highway Officials of the North Atlantic States, 1960). 239 pp., illus. Contains biographical sketches of Delaware Highway Department executives who have been major officers of the Association.

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To Those Who Wore the Gray, prepared by the Civil War Round Table of Wilmington (1960). 47 pp., cover illus., map. An alphabetical list of over 2,400 Confederate soldiers (and a few civilians) who died while prisoners in Fort Delaware during the Civil War and were buried at Finns Point on the New Jersey side of the river. Their ranks range from private to colonel and their regiments from Virginia to Texas. The number 2,400 may be just a statistic. But to see that many names of actual persons, cut off in the prime of life and dying in misery and without hope, is to realize a little more forcibly the horrors of wars, past, present, and to come.

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